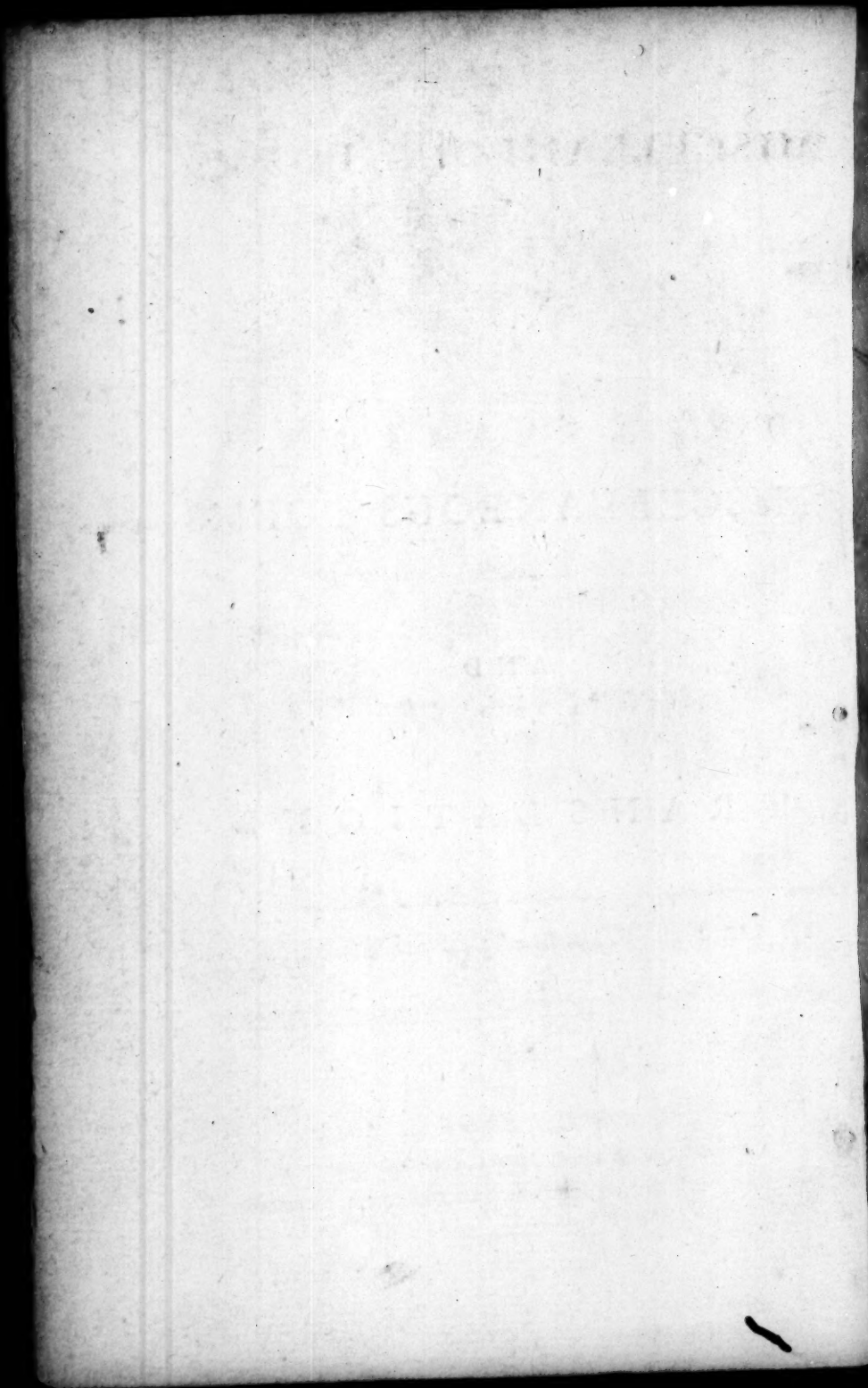


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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS .

A N D

T R A N S L A T I O N S .



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LA FONTAINE AND OTHERS.

By ROWLAND RUGELEY,

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed and sold by FLETCHER and HEDSON:

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INVESTIGATION REPORT

STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

BY ROBERT W. GILBERT

COMMITTEE ON

Printed and sold by the State of New York, Albany, 1966.
Sold also by the State of New York, Albany, 1966.

(2)

THE
CITY MOUSE
AND
COUNTRY MOUSE:
A FABLE.

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

THE various Classes of mankind,
By Heav'n's wife Providence design'd

For various tasks, like vapours seem

Rais'd by the Sun's prolific beam :

These have their several uses, yet,

According to the share of heat

Inclos'd in the vesiculæ,

Their place in th'Atmosphere will be :

Some through the yielding air arise,

And boldly scale their native skies ;

Some clog'd by weightier particles,

Content, the middle space possess ;

So gross and heavy some are found,

They ne'er aspire above the ground :

B

Others

Others attempt to mount in vain,
 And fall in dews at eve again :
 Thus nature gives at our formation
 The Bias we term Inclination ;
 The many Spheres of life to fill,
 She governs and directs the will ;
 To this or that our choice inclines,
 And different Provinces assigns :
 Hence, some for Glory tempt the fight,
 And some the Statesman's Toils delight ;
 These drudge in some mechanic trade,
 And others break the stubborn glade ;
 Some, fir'd by wild Ambition, soar,
 And aim at heights beyond their power.

I might extend the parallel
 Through twenty pages very well,
 And shew you how — But let that pass —
 I now apply it to our case :
 You at the Bar was born to shine,
 The Country's peaceful joys are mine ;
 Why must my way of life then be
 The object of your raillery ?

Or why would your officious zeal

In busier scenes t'involve me strive?

Clowns ! Savages ! d—mn'd ungentee !

More like wild beasts than men you live !

I grant, we are not so polite,

But as sincere and honest quite ;

That Courts have found a better way,

Whilst these *dull drones* mean what they say ;

That pleasures too with you abound,

Which in the Country are not found ;

So, others here delight to dwell,

That dread the clamour of Bow-bell.

Well ! — Nought would satisfy you now,

But I must spend a month or two

With you in town — Still I refuse,

And frame now this, now that excuse.

But you persist — At length I come,

Am tir'd, grow dull, and sigh for home :

Escap'd, I'm overjoy'd to find

The City's less'ning spires behind ;

And lodg'd in this asylum safe,

I freely give you leave to laugh :

B 2

Here,

Here, far from envy, noise, and strife,
 In calm content I pass my life ;
 'Tis mine the social joys to prove,
 And taste, in peace, the sweets of love ;
 Free from the nauseous pomp of state,
 And independant of the Great.

Here, with your leave, I'll introduce
 A Story that may be of use ;
 Critics, perhaps, may damn the Tale,
 And Writer too, because 'tis stale,
 For I confess 'tis somewhat old,
 And may have many times been told ;
 But if 'twas good an age ago,
 Why is it not at present so ?
 We'll have it then — A City Mouse,
 Joint-tenant of a courtier's house,
 One morning left St. James's Square,
 And London's smoke, for rural air :
 O'er verdant lawns, and fragrant meads,
 By purling streams, and sylvan shades,
 O'er fields, with rising plenty green,
 Pleas'd with the droll romantic scene,

He

He stray'd ; the Country Mice admire
 His stately airs, and sleek attire,
 With what address he scrapes, and bows,
 And think him—a *prodigious Mouse*.

The Cottage of a former friend
 Receives him at his journey's end ;
 Which neither mean, nor elegant,
 Bespoke nor luxury, nor want.
 'Twas dinner time—dry'd acorns, pease,
 Bacon, brown-crusts, and scraps of cheese,
 Enough t'have din'd all Homer's mice,
 Were set before him in a trice.
 But no—Sir could not brook such food,
 However, lest he should seem rude,
 He gnaws a crust, now sucks a bone,
 And strives to force a morsel down :
 At length the Cit began to joke
 On rural life, and country folk ;
 Inveigh'd against their want of taste,
 That could prefer this desert waste
 To courts — “ *Parbleu !* I can't conceive
 “ How Mice of sense can bear to live

" Amidst these wilds !—absurd, *i-fish!*
 " Live, did I say ? You only breathe.
 " *Mon Dieu!* This life ! compar'd with mine ?
 " Off India's choicest wares I dine
 " On fish, or fowl, or when I please
 " On Ortolans, or fricassees ;
 " And drain nectareous streams of Sack,
 " Rhenish, Champagne, or Frontiniac.
 " But you shall sup with me, and own
 " Yourself, to night, *que j'ai raison.*"
 The Peasant heard, and bow'd consent ;
 And, without farther compliment,
 Attends the Cit, impatient grown
 To taste the pleasures of the town.

The cats and servants being deceiv'd,
 They made their entry unperceiv'd :
 The Clown, with wonder and amaze,
 The splendor of the house surveys ;
 Here costly paintings strike his eyes,
 There pyramids of china rise ;
 Here, Bribery and Corruption's gain,
 Stand rows of finest porcelain :

The parlour, hall, and room of state,
 Rich furniture, and piles of plate,
 The Cit with ostentation shew'd,
 The Clown with admiration view'd.

The best the pantry can afford
 Now waits, in form, upon the board.
 Our polish'd Courtier takes his place,
 Without the idle farce of grace,
 And complaisantly begs his guest
 Would take of what he likes the best :
 Then runs o'er many a foreign dish —
 " Or would you rather chuse some fish ?
 " This turkey-pout, or that ragoût ?
 " Come now be free, eat hearty—do"—
 Intreated thus, he falls to work,
 And plays a dev'lish knife and fork
 On dainties he'd ne'er seen before.
 When, hark !—What thund'ring shakes the door ?—
 Away the Peasant, and his kind host
 Scamper—the devil take the hindmost—
 The frighted Clown runs helter-skelter,
 Seeking some place to put for shelter ;

And, 'midst a group of tarts and pies,
 Half dead with terror and surprise,
 Trembling he lies, until the servants,
 The authors of this vile disturbance,
 Again retire; when from his hole,
 With wariest circumspection, stole
 The Courtier, and began t'intreat
 His guest to reassume his seat.

“ Enough, my friend,” replies the Clown,
 “ If thus it is you live in town,
 “ Adieu to such precarious joys !
 “ Such dang'rous pleasures I'll despise !
 “ Henceforth for ever I'll retire
 “ From scenes that none but fools admire :
 “ These costly viands that strew the board,
 “ The choicest wines your vaults afford
 “ I can't enjoy, whilst, o'er my head,
 “ A poignard hangs but by a thread *.
 “ 'Tis true, indeed, I cannot boast
 “ Such various kinds of boil'd and roast ;

* The feast of Damocles.

- " My table knows no sumptuous diet,
 " But then—I eat my bit in quiet.
 " No dire alarms my peace annoy,
 " No anxious fears my bliss destroy ;
 " Corroding Care avoids my cell,
 " But haunts the stately dome : Farewell !
 " And learn, my friend, this truth from me—
 " No joys without security !"

ODE

O D E
T O
C O N T E N T M E N T.

BRIGHT source of blifs ! whose rays inspire
The Bard, and tune his fault'ring lyre ;
To thee, her patroness, the Muse
The tributary strain renews ;
Accept, benign, this grateful lay,
Poor the return ! yet all the Muse can pay.

With thee, the boor who treads the snows,
And dreary wilds of Lapland, glows
With rapt'rous joys ;—though Sol denies
His genial beams, and quits their skies,
Thou can'st his frozen bosom chear,
And make the gloom a pleasing aspect wear.

Whilst Grandeur's tasteless, pomp nor pow'r
Have charms to soothe the pensive hour ;
Though

Though Fortune smiles, her sons complain;
 And Pleasure's varied arts are vain,
 Without thine aid; we're poor 'midst wealth,
 We starve in plenty, and repine in health.

Though shunning oft' the pomp of state,
 Thou seek'st the Peasant's calm retreat,
 And oft', beneath the moss-grown cell,
 Far from the world delight'st to dwell,
 Thou can'st the path of greatness smooth,
 Soften distress, or real anguish sooth.

With thee, the Hero or the Hind
 Like joys amidst their labours find;
 With ease the Monarch wears his crown,
 Or blest the Hermit lives unknown;
 The Slave forgets his gauling pains,
 Exults in bondage, and enjoys his chains.

Not so the Wretch deny'd thy smiles,
 Sullen he mourns a train of ills,
 Self-form'd; whilst envy and despair
 With harpy claws his bosom tear,
 Incessant

Incessant woes assault his eyes,
And round imaginary horrors rise.

So, when the ruler of the day,
Whose presence makes all nature gay,
From Cancer darts his noontide beam,
Less than the life our shadows seem ;
But when at eve his rays descend,
With parting light the stalking shades extend.

O Goddess! then, propitious hear,
And grant thy suppliant votary's pray'r ;
Not heaps of gold, or glitt'ring gems
I ask, such toys the Muse contemns ;
Nor that, through future times, my name
Shall stand recorded on the rolls of Fame.

But, if my bark shall swiftly glide
Down Life's smooth stream, or stem the tide ;
If prosp'rous gales shall fill my sail,
Or adverse winds and storms assail ;
Teach me t'enjoy the tranquil state,
Or meet, unmov'd, the harsh decrees of Fate.

A FIT OF THE VAPOURS.

Written in a GARDEN at ———

ASK I?—Why a fullen gloom
Shrouds the scene where'er I roam?

Why no more the scented rose,
Or the fair carnation blows?

Why the sun withdraws his beams?
And nature dull and languid seems?—
Mira's frowns infest the air,
Mira's frowns invert the year.

Thus, when Adam first transgress'd,
And disobey'd God's high behest,
Eden his wrath a desert made;
So, these at her displeasure fade.

Must I, too, like him of old,
Here her face no more behold?
From this paradise be driv'n,
And her presence, almost Heav'n?

Be't

Be't so—yet Fancy often shall,
 When far from hence, to mind recall
 These blissful seats : those hours retrace,
 Which here, with her, I us'd to pass.

Here, from every eye remov'd,
 Arm in arm we fondly rov'd ;
 For me the ripest fruit she cull'd,
 For me the fairest flow'rs she pull'd.

Here, she taught me to pursue
 Tranquil pleasures known to few ;
 Joys that fly th' unthinking crowd,
 To dwell with Peace and Solitude :

From Folly's revels warn'd my youth,
 And fir'd my soul with love of truth ;
 As if, t'incite me to escape,
 Virtue came in Mira's shape.

Under yon close-woven shade,
 For Friendship's faithful Votaries made,
 Oft the beauteous Nymph I press'd,
 Half consenting, to my breast.

Now

Now she angry flies—yet soon,
 The time will come, when she shall own
 Herself severe, and Damon true—
 Mira, Mirth, and Love adieu !

CUPID

CUPID VERSUS MARS.

(AN ODD AFFAIR)

— Sic nos in Sceptra reponis ?

THERE is in Heav'n, as authors tell ye,
 A place resembling our Old-Bailey ;
 Chief-Justice Jove there holds his sessions,
 Takes cognizance of all transgressions,
 And hears complaints—for oft the Gods,
 Like captious mortals, are at odds.
 The court was set, when VENUS' son,
 With down-cast looks, approach'd the throne.
 By's side an empty quiver hung,
 And o'er his back a bow, unstrung :
 His sullen port attention won,
 And thus the Plaintiff God begun.

" Great Jove ! all this assembly knows,
 When at thy word Creation rose,
 And th' human race receiv'd their birth,
 On us, your delegates on earth,

As

As fate had long before resolv'd,
 The sup'rintendancy devolv'd;
 And some peculiar charge was giv'n
 To ev'ry Deity in Heav'n:
 To teach them poetry, and musick,
 And th' use of herbs, when any grew sick,
 Was PHOEBUS' Province; and to MARS
 'Twas given to preside o'er wars;
 Empires, and States my GRANDMAMMA;
 MINERVA wit, *et cætera*.—
 Each you assign'd their several parts,
 And me saluted — King of hearts.
 I shall not tire you to repeat
 The injuries which I've daily met
 From each—But need I?—For sure you know
 Th' ill treatment I've receiv'd from JUNO;
 Oft' would she bribe the venal hand
 With titles, grandeur, and command;
 How oft the Virgin's breast transfix
 With garters, stars, a coach-and-fix,
 Or gaudy equipage?—mean studies
 Believe me, far beneath a Goddess.
 Why should I name APOLLO's tricks?
 * VANESSA still his conscience pricks;

* See CADENUS and VANESSA, a Poem by Dr. Swift.

Who, fenc'd by verse, my pow'r defy'd,
 And for a rusty Cassock figh'd.
 And, with her wit, MINERVA too
 Has vilely robb'd me of my due.
 All these, though difficultly, long
 I have sustain'd, and held my tongue :
 And were these all my wrongs, dread Sire !
 You had not now seen Cupid here ;
 But" — Here he wept—" the other day,
 On Tempe's Plains, o'erspent with play,
 I sat beneath a Myrtle's shade,
 And on the ground my arrows laid :
 The drowsy God soon clos'd my eye,
 When Bully MARS came passing by,
 My quiver he, unguarded, spies,
 And seizes as a lawful prize.
 I stamp'd and cry'd, my hair I tore,
 He storm'd and bluster'd, curs'd and swore,
 Damn'd to eternity his soul,
 Then call'd me Whoreson, Bungling Tool,
 And more, which, for the sake of shame,
 And decency, I will not name.
 My pray'rs or threats no more he heeds
 Than empty wind, but joyous speeds

To LEMNOS' Isle, nor does he stop
 Until he comes to VULCAN's shop;
 And here the swarthy CYCLOPS, aw'd
 By th' oaths and threat'nings of the Gods,
 With his unjust demands comply,
 And throw your Bolts unfinish'd by :
 Now th' horrid-clanking anvils found,
 And LEMNOS' farthest shores rebound ;
 Himself, too, with officious care,
 Is wond'rous busy here and there ;
 Now, from their mangled shafts, my Darts
 With sacrilegious hands he parts ;
 Now feeds the fire, now plies the bellows,
 By turns commends, and damns the fellows ;
 Whilst piles on piles of swords arise,
 Whose burnish'd lustre gilds the skies
 With double day ; and ev'ry blade
 The skilful Artists had o'erlaid,
 With plates of that celestial steel
 Which lovers only us'd to feel.

Soon as the theft on Earth was known,
 All press to get a rapier on ;

Rakes quit the stews, their toilets Fops,
 Tradesmen and Clowns their ploughs and shops;
 The country Squire awhile neglects
 The chase for nobler game, affects
 The martial air; the gay cockade,
 And plume conceal his empty head;
 The sword hangs dangling by his side,
 In none but female bosom's try'd;
 And on his breast the plate of brass
 From all soft feelings guards the * * *
 Thus arm'd, they Beauty's frowns defy,
 And, in their turns, the fair ones sigh:
 Wherever scarlet spreads alarms,
 Whole squadrons fly—into their arms.
 Whilst I a mournful exile rove,
 Once God of Beauty, and of Love;
 Stript of my Insignia, every stupid
 Blockhead insults your wretched Cupid;
 No votaries at my altars bend,
 Nor clouds of incense more ascend—
 Oh BRITAIN! must I then resign
 Thy plains, where sense and virtue join,
 T'adorn thy nymphs with every grace?
 The least of all their charms—a face.

Must I from LAURA's breast be driv'n,
 A place I've oft prefer'd to Heav'n ?
 O Jove ! when crimes like these provoke,
 If vengeance should defer the stroke,
 Well may the World alledge, with grief,
 Justice, instead of blind, is deaf ;
 His insolence, if unrestrain'd,
 Shall wrest the thunder from thy hand,
 And awe the Universe" — He ceas'd ;
 For, with a drowsy fit oppress'd,
 (As oft he here was wont) the God
 From side to side began to nod,
 And wanted much some friendly prop
 To keep his heavy eyelids ope :
 As for the other Pow'rs, one half
 Did nothing else but sneer, and laugh ;
 The rest, impatient to be gone,
 Were glad to see the Boy had done.

To CORINNA.

Wrote in her Fan.

WHILST round its beams, the careless Moth
Has play'd, with what concern
Your hand has hid the Taper, loth
To see the wanton burn.
And shall not We, who thoughtless swarm
Around, to Danger blind,
Your sympathising Breast alarm?
An equal Pity find?
Oh! let thy care to Man extend,
And when we gaze too nigh,
With this machine thy charms defend,
Lest, too, we burn and die.

HORACE,

H O R A C E, EPIST. 10. B. I.

To MR. WILLIAM MORLEY.

YOU who the noisy Town, dear Sir,
 And City's gay delights prefer
 To Rural Peace, a Friend, who hates
 Those busy scenes, congratulates :
 In this alone we disagree,
 Or no two Doves more like than We;
 What I beside commend, you love,
 And what you blame I can't approve :
 Me, the green lawn, the dappled mead,
 The lonely heath, the wood's thick shade,
 The mossy bank, and prattling stream
 Delight — But why my taste condemn?
 Here I'm content, I'm happy ; far
 From noise and bus'ness, pomp and care ;
 Scorning those boasted joys, which you
 With so much eagerness pursue ;

And, like the Clown, with partridges
 Cloy'd, I prefer brown-bread and cheese.
 Would you the train of Fortune's tools
 Forsake, and live by Nature's rules;
 Can any place be found more fit
 Than this delicious calm retreat?
 Where are the Winters less severe?
 Or, when the Dog-star burns the year,
 And Leo's rage inflames the sun,
 The scorching rays where shall we shun
 So well, as where dark Poplars shade,
 And lenient Zephyrs fan the glade?
 Where less does grim Sollicitude,
 T' unlock the slumb'rer's eyes, intrude?
 Or, does the polish'd Gem exceed,
 In show, or smell, the Flow'rs we tread?
 Or, are the Springs that wanton play,
 And dance along their mazy way,
 Less pure than Water that's convey'd,
 As 'twere by stealth through pipes of lead?
 Ev'n where your stately Structures rise,
 And sculptur'd Piles ascend the skies,
 Though fenced around with gay parterres,
 The Grove in rustic pomp appears:

And

And most you praise the House, that yields
 Extensive prospects o'er the fields :
 Thus Nature's beauties still will charm,
 In vain against her pow'r you arm,
 Repuls'd, she will return again,
 And prove Art's feeble efforts vain.
 Not those who would in Jewels deal,
 Yet have not skill enough to tell
 A Diamond from a Bristol-stone,
 Or Turquoises from bits of Bone,
 Are more in danger of a cheat,
 Or would sustain a loss so great,
 As those who resolute pursue
 Their whims, yet know not false from true.

Who's most elated with the smiles
 Of Fortune, meanly sinks when ills
 Oppress; and what we value most
 Inflicts the greatest pain when lost.
 Oh! learn, like me, th' insipid joys
 Of tinsel'd Greatness to despise!
 From Scenes of noise and folly flee,
 To meek-ey'd Peace, Content, and me:

Though

Though no rich stuffs adorn my house,
 Although my board no dainties knows,
 Kings, to partake, might quit their state,
 And curse their stars that made them great,

A fruitful pasture, once, a Nag
 Possess, joint-tenant with a stag;
 This, on a time, expell'd the Horse,
 And he, for succour, has recourse
 To human aid, receives the rein,
 And drives his conqu'ror from the plain;
 But, once admitted, ne'er could quit
 His rider, or the galling bit :
 Thus he, who, fearing to be poor,
 Barters his Liberty for ore,
 Still shall remain a slave, and gold
 His abject soul in bondage hold.
 Each case is bad, if Fortune grants
 Too much, or less than Nature wants;
 So shoes, too big, will overset,
 And, if too little, pinch our feet.
 But, whilst I gravely caution you
 'Gainst Avarice, watch me strictly too;

Severe

Severe reproofs let me receive,
 If, with a competence, I strive
 By niggard arts t' increase my store,
 And waste my years in sighs for more :
 For Heav'n the dang'rous metal gave
 To be a tyrant or a slave.——

Farewell!—from bow'rs, * the gen'rous Knight
 For Contemplation plann'd, I write;
 Enjoying all that Heav'n can send,
 Except the presence of my Friend.

* A Wilderness adjoining to the seat of the late Sir Edward Lawrence.

SONG

S O N G.

To Miss ***** , AT ———.

WHY does MONIMIA, far from me,
 And all the world beside,
 To dreary woods and grottos flee,
 And in retirement hide ?

The gay delights of life resign'd,
 Thou liv'st unseen, unknown ;
 Fair emblem of th' Eternal Mind !
 —Blest in thyself alone.

But, as of PHOEBUS' rays bereft,
 Dull Nature sick'ning mourns ;
 So, by the Sun of Beauty left,
 We pine till Life returns.

For ah ! the joys of Earth were giv'n
 In vain, wast thou not here :
 And Fancy cannot form an Heav'n,
 Without MONIMIA there.

To

TO MR. WILLIAM ISAACSON.

WROTE FROM LONDON.

MY Isr, far from thee and home,
And ev'ry social joy, I roam,
A stranger to repose ;
From thee, my dearest Friend, disjoin'd,
My soul no place of rest can find,
Nor peace nor comfort knows.

How droops the Muse ! that us'd to breathe
Fresh gales along the scented heath,
Or warbling trip the mead ;
Those peaceful lawns, where erst she rang'd,
For crowds, pure air for smoke exchange'd,
For Lucre's quill her reed.

All night I painful vigils keep,
Forbid to close my eyes in sleep
By dread of Fire and Thieves ;

And

And soon as Morning paints the skies,
Old Clothes and *Milk's* incessant noise
 No hopes of slumber leaves.

Weary'd I rise—and join the press
 Which want or pleasure, business,
 Or hellish fraud create ;
 Whilst oft rough Chairmen 'midst the crowd,
 Or Porters, bent beneath their load,
 My aching shoulders greet.

Here from the toils, and dang'rous snares
 That Craft for Ignorance prepares,
 Would'st thou securely go ;
 Sincerity itself distrust,
 Esteem whome'er you meet unjust,
 And every man your Foe.

When dark, on no pretence forsake
 Thine house, now bloody Villains take
 Again their silent stand :
 By Night, though Tygers rend the air,
 The wilds of AFRIC I'd prefer
 TO FLEET-STREET, or the STRAND.

Let

Let wanton Beauty ne'er intice,
Or lure thee to the courts of Vice,

Their footsteps lead to Death;
Whilst Health's gay bloom sits on the face,
And well-dissembled Joy—Disease,
And Misery lurk beneath.

Guard well thy breast—for see what swarms,
Whose winning smiles, and magic charms

Might penetrate a stone!
But Rouge that trait'rous blush bestows,
And the deceitful Damsel glows

In colours not her own.

Oh! how unlike this guilty crew,
Our rural Nymphs their hearts subdue,

And warm our gen'rous Youth:
'Tis Virtue to their breasts imparts
The tender pain, and all their arts
Are Innocence, and Truth.

With pity, and contempt I view
These shoals, "that run, some to undo
Others to be undone."

Yet

Yet can I not approve their plan,
Who, sullen, fly the haunts of Man,
And social commerce shun.

If Folly, Vice, and Ign'rance reign,
Whilst Worth's neglected, to restrain
The Tyrants lend thine aid ;
But, if the field you basely quit,
Still Self-reproach o'ertakes your flight,
And haunts you in the shade.

They only who have thus employ'd
Their labours, truly e'er enjoy'd
The blessings of repose ;
So, P***, the task of glory done,
Beholds the wreaths his toils have won,
O'er-shade in peace his brows.

Let us, my Friend, with patience bear
Those Cares, which on each Station here,
Just Heav'n's been pleas'd t'impose ;
Virtue, with steady zeal, pursue,
For she 'tis adds a relish to
Our joys, and blunts our woes.

And

And when these busy Scenes are past,

May we together taste at last

Retirement's soft Delight;

And see, when age has chill'd our pow'rs,

The Sun, that gilt life's ev'ning hours,

Serenely set in night.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE IO. B. I.

To Miss K***Y J^HNS^N.

O H don't, my K***Y, seek to know,
 By arts the Gods forbid,
 What they've decreed for me or you,
 And have in mercy hid.

No more the mystic cups explore,
 Nor ask of J**H or JONES,
 If fate shall to this present hour
 Add dark or brighter ones.

Be wise, my Dear, indulge your Mirth,
 And give a loose to Joy ;
 The little Space assign'd on Earth
 Should Hope alone employ ?

Time, though we trifle, will not stay,
 But still pursues his course ;
 Then, K***Y, let's enjoy to-day,
 To-morrow mayn't be our's.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE 15. B. I.

WHEN treach'rous PARIS o'er the Seas
 With his adult'rous Hostess fled,
 The Winds were hush'd, and not a breeze
 Rose to the guilty Lovers' aid,
 Whilst NEREUS 'bove the placid Surface sat,
 And thus unroll'd the stern decrees of fate:

Ungen'rous Youth ! thou bearest home,
 In evil hour, thy faithless Spouse ;
 Ere long assembled GREECE shall come
 Insulted HYMEN's bands t'unloose,
 With hostile Legions darken IDA's shores,
 And level with the ground TROY's ancient Tow'rs.

See how th' indignant Heroes crowd !

Ah ! see how foams th' impatient Steed !

Base Wretch, for thine Ingratitude,

How many DARDAN Chiefs shall bleed !

D 2

Revengeful

Revengeful PALLAS now prepares her Car,
Her Shield, and Ægis for th'approaching War.

In vain thou'lt boast CYTHEREA's Care,
Perfume thine hair, or by the charms
Of wanton Music please the Fair;
In vain within thy Mistress' arms
Thou'lt seek t' evade swift AJAX's pursuit;
Dust those lewd locks, though late, shall sure pollute.

Dost thou not wife ULYSSES see?
And PYLIAN NESTOR's rev'rend age?
Nor see'st thou, where in quest of thee,
Fierce STHENELUS and TEUCER rage?
Then shall MERIONES to thee be known,
And godlike TYDEUS's undaunted Son;

Whom thou, as does the timid Deer,
That has, with ever-watchful eye,
Espy'd the ray'nous Tyger near,
Shalt, wing'd with fear, unmanly fly,
Thick-panting o'er th'inglorious field—Were these,
To SPARTA's Queen thy boasts, and promises?

Though

Though to his Fleet withdrawn, awhile
 ACHILLES' wrath some respite give,
 And lengthen out the War ; yet still
 The destin'd period must arrive,
 When, dreadful Spectacle ! the PHRYGIAN Dames
 And captive Maids shall mourn their TROY in flames.

To JOHN THOMSON, Esq.

YOU ask me how my course through Life
 I steer, still chearful and serene,
 Unvex'd by blust'ring storms of strife,
 Nor lab'ring in dull calms of spleen?

Thank Heav'n, that has my station fixt
 Remote from Want or Affluence,
 And plac'd me in a sphere betwixt
 Labour and stupid Indolence:

Bus'ness apart, my Pencils feign
 New Worlds, and mimic Life bestow;
 I trace past Ages o'er again,
 Or scrawl, perhaps, such rhymes—as now.

These, in their turns, the Day divide,
 Nor time for gloomy thoughts allow;
 Thus, down the stream too swift I glide
 T'inspect what rocks may lurk below.

Blest with a competence, my breast
 No cares disturb my wealth t'increase;
 Of Pleasures I with prudence taste,
 Determin'd ne'er to make it less.

Beauty ne'er hurts me, or, at most,
 'Tis but a momentary pain;
 My Heart, like Spaniels often lost,
 Unfought, still finds me out again.

I heed not, guiltless of ambition,
 Howe'er affairs of State may turn;
 Scenes that affect not my condition
 I view with greatest unconcern.

Me, what avail these alterations?
 If P*** or B*** shall rule the roost
 I'm easy still—my expectations,
 From either side, can ne'er be crost.

My King I love, though Courts I hate,
 Contented with a private station;
 To fawn and cringe to Pow'r too great,
 Too mean to share th' Administration.

When Griefs, sometimes they will, intrude,
 Like Coxcombs, empty, pert, and vain;
 Who break upon my Solitude,
 Th' impert'nent Guests I entertain.

But when gay Mirth my heart distends,
 And Joys within my bosom play,
 Like witty and ingenious Friends,
 All arts I use to court their stay.

I never prostitute my Verse
 To praise, unmerited, a friend;
 I no man's character asperse,
 Nor censure where I can't commend.

Thus rarely I create me foes,
 I strive t' increase what friends I have,
 And seize each Good a Life bestows
 I neither dread, or wish to leave.

FRIAR PHILIP'S GEESE;

A T A L E.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

INSCRIBED TO THE FAIR SEX.

L A D I E S.

IF you these Poems deign to read,

My toils are more than overpaid ;

And should your smiles approve my lays,

Content, I'll seek no farther praise :

'Twas Woman first inspir'd my wit,

Had I ne'er lov'd, I ne'er had writ ;

If any merit's mine, to you

Who form'd the Poet, all is due ;

You first infus'd the lambent fire,

And bid my timorous Muse aspire :

Therefore to you, ye Fair, the Muse

Inscribes the Story that ensues ;

Attend

Attend—the Bard your Influence warms
 Attempts the triumphs of your Charms :
 Gold, subtil Gold, through guarded tow'rs
 Of harden'd brass, and massy doors,
 To DANAE could a passage make ;
 But Beauty's mightier force could break
 Ignorance's adamantine fence,
 And wake an Ideot into sense.

In Days of yore—how long ago
 It matters not, nor do I know ;
 Stol'n from the World, an austere Sage
 Possess'd a lonely Hermitage ;
 Mankind he view'd with great contempt,
 Thought few from blackest crimes exempt,
 Corrupted all—but Beauty most
 His hate incurr'd, his fears ingross'd ;
 The vengeful plague of injur'd heav'n,
 T' embitter all our pleasures giv'n.
 “ What various ills surround Man's life ! ”
 Exclaim'd the Sage—“ the worst—a Wife !
 “ What treachery lurks beneath a face,
 “ The curse and torment of our race !
 “ Oh ! had too bounteous Heav'n denied
 “ That Bane of all our bliss—a Bride,

“ Man

" Man might have liv'd serenely blest,

" Nor sigh'd for what he ne'er possess'd."

(So, had the Sun's resplendent ray

Ne'er chear'd this nether world with Day,

But all been one continu'd Night,

We ne'er had known the want of Light.)

" Yet who can shun the tempting Syren?

" Their wily arts each path environ :

" In vain we see in Hymen's Cage

" Distracted Fools complain, and rage ;

" And though convinc'd what miseries wait

" Deluded captives, seize the Bait.

" Gay smiles the soft Deceiver wears,

" To lull th' unwary Gazer's fears ;

" Calm as the sea, when not a breath

" Of wind unveils the sands beneath ;

" But who, by these seduc'd, here trusts

" His all of peace, when passion's gusts

" From every quarter round him roar,

" Too late will wish himself on shore.

" T' avoid their snares we must not know

" This fatal source of human woe :

" 'Tis thus—or mortals cannot shun

" Those rocks where thousands are undone.

" In

" In vain does pilot Reason boast,

" Who sees must love, who loves is lost."

Reflections of this nature won

Friar PHILIP to withdraw his son

From all society, intent

To try the fond experiment:

As none, he thought, could 'scape destruction,

Whilst within reach of the infection,

He'd take him far from human sight,

Nor trust his safety but to flight.

Thus Love could ne'er his mind perplex,

If wholly ign'rant of the Sex.

A lucky thought! th' invention pleas'd,

The helpless infant then he seiz'd;

And with the Lad his course he bent

Through a wide forest's vast extent:

As erst the faithful Patriarch rov'd,

Attended by the Boy he lov'd;

Though quite from diff'rent motives, one

To slay, and one to save his son.

A dreary wood, through which ne'er yet

Had Woman pass'd, or human feet

Attempted

Attempted e'er to force a road,
He pitch'd upon for his abode.

In this recess his son immur'd,
And from Temptation's pow'r secur'd,
Our Anchorite now remits his fears,
Instruction to his growing years
Adapts, and adds whate'er might seem
Best to assist his fav'rite scheme.
At five years old, Trees, Flow'rs and Plants
He names; the Wood's inhabitants
With circumspection he describes,
—No diff'rent Sexes 'midst their tribes.

The cautious Sire, at ten years old,
Things more abstruse began t'unfold,
Virtue's rewards, the pangs of th' Evil,
With frightful stories of the Devil:
Another world, the blest'd abode
Of a supreme omniscient God,
Whose word from Nothing form'd this earth,
And gave to ev'ry Being birth;
Yet still omits his loveliest creature,
The pride and ornament of nature!

The

The fifteenth year being now attain'd,
 With nicest art, the sage explain'd
 Whate'er he chose to let him know
 About the dang'rous world below:
 But never drop'd a single hint
 There were such things as women in't.
 Within this lonely sad retreat
 The harmless lad to man's estate
 At length arriv'd, and hoary age
 Had stole upon the rev'rend sage;
 Who, grown infirm, could scarce endure
 The toil of going to procure
 What things their wood could not afford,
 To furnish out the homely board,
 But now the Precepts he had taught
 His son, the Sire by this time thought
 Rivetted firmly in his mind,
 Therefore, at all events, design'd
 To take him with him to the town;
 However, tears of grief stole down
 His aged cheeks, to think upon
 The dang'rous risque the lad must run.

But

But our two Hermits are set out,
 And towards the city take their rout,
 Whose glitt'ring spires at length appear;
 This sight augments the Father's fear,
 Yet on he trudges, whilst his Son,
 In wild amazement, gazes on
 The various objects that arise
 To please, astonish, and surprise.
 Behold him, with extended Phiz,
 Inquiring—What is that? and this?
 Whate'er he sees excites his wonder.
 "Father! look there—what's that, out yonder?"
 "A Palace, Lad!"—"And what are those,
 "With tails and parti-colour'd cloaths?"
 "They're Courtiers."—"Lemons!—But for what use
 "Are they?"—"To ride in"—"What's there?"—
 "Statues"—
 "But, Father! look ye, What is that
 "Stands close beside?"—"Shah! God knows what"—
 Cries PHILIP, whose timidity
 Ill brook'd his son's curiosity.
 But see—the cause of all his care,
 Some sprightly girls divinely fair,

Whose

Whose soft persuasive charms might move
 The most obdurate heart to love,
 Come titt'ring past, in jocund mood,
 At our poor *Numps*, who gaping stood
 Transfix'd; and now, with strange surprise,
 Feels various unknown passions rise:
 Emotions, never felt till now,
 Within his troubled bosom glow:
 All he so much admir'd before
 Fade in his eye and please no more;
 Now these alone can yield delight,
 And all beside's neglected quite;
 Statues, and Palaces adieu!
 Coaches, and glitt'ring Courtiers too!
 "For Heav'n's sake, Father, What are these?"
 "Birds," says the Don, "they call 'em GEESE."
 "Sweet charming Bird! what would I give,"
 He cries—"if I had one alive."
 "Yet, see!—they don't attempt to fly,
 "Could not we catch one? let us try"
 "We'll take it with us to our cell,
 "And I'll be bound to feed it well."

To Miss G***** S*****.

SENT WITH STEELE'S CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

————— *Dux famina FaBi.* VIRG.

MIRANDA, say, for sure you can,
Well vers'd in all the ways of Man,
Whence is 't—We cannot but approve
The Path which Virtue points to Love,
Yet spurn our guide, the road forsake,
And toil in Folly's rugged track ?
However strange it may appear,
Your Sex it is that makes them err.

“ We make them err ? ”—Yes Madam, you—
“ I scorn the Charge ”—’Tis no less true—
How universal is the Cry,
That Love, the Offspring of the Sky,
Has long since from his Throne been driv’n,
And banish’d hence again to Heav’n ;

To

E

That

That Affectation, and Grimace,
 And fordid Gain usurp his Place !
 Nothing's more certain, I agree,
 Unless that you depos'd him, be.
 JOVE erst expell'd his Father SATURN,
 Pursuing close the godlike pattern,
 You CUPID from his Empire drove,
 And clos'd the Golden Age of Love ;
 Then plac'd these miscreants on his Throne,
 And bade the subject World bow down.

“ That Man's ungen'rous, false, and base,
 “ Is true--but foreign from our case.
 “ Whene'er he errs, 'tis caus'd by us,
 “ You said”—I did--and prove it thus—
 Since all our Studies center here,
 To gain the favour of the Fair—
 It follows — Our attention, those
 Most likely to succeed, engross.
 When FLAVIA praises handsome faces,
 Paints, and Pomades, Receipts for Washes
 Are FANNIUS' care ; each day he'll pass
 Four hours at least before his glass ;

For

For these, one half of Life's requir'd,
The other half, to be admir'd.

Since you, amidst a crowd of Beaux,
Extoll'd PHILANDER's taste in Cloaths,
Nought else each minds, but that his coat is
So made as to attract your notice ;
And SNIP, like ATRAPOS * appears,
Our lives depend upon his shears.

THALESTRIS vastly likes a rake,
And see, what crowds, scarce yet awake,
Stagg'ring along, the Nymph approach,
With stories of last night's debauch ;—
Of murder'd Watchmen, ruin'd Maids,
Of broken Windows, Lamps, and Heads,
“ At last some g—d—d—mn'd Villains found us,
“ And sent us all, Hick ! to the Round house.”

* One of the three Parcæ whom the Ancients feign'd to have the management of the Threads of Human Life. The Office of the first was to hold the Distaff; the second spun the Threads; the last, ATRAPOS, had a Pair of Shears, with which she cut them off at Pleasure.

If once you're catch'd o'er musty books,
 CLARINDA dooms you to St. LUKE'S;
 When Wits excite her ridicule,
 The Strife is now—Who's greatest fool—
 You'd think us all TEAGUE'S blund'ring Heirs,
 Each to speak sense, as treason, fears:
 We judge not Men by Rank or Birth,
 But by his Ignorance rate his worth;
 For who, whilst she shall Blockheads prize,
 Would dare to be accounted wise?

Thus what you praise, we all affect;
 And what you censure, all neglect;
 Your approbation marks our plan,
 Directs our will, and forms the Man,
 If then below ourselves we aim,
 Are we, ye Fair, or you to blame?
 Like BALAAM, we're a journey sent,
 And justly chid because we went.

I've heard you often quote the rule—
 A Man in Love should seem a fool—
 If he must seem a Fool to you,
 None other should esteem him so:

Let manly Virtue, Sense, and Truth,
 Distinguish that too happy Youth
 Who calls you his ; none else can know
 To prize the Jewel you bestow :
 Fools may divert an hour, but 'tis
 Good Sense alone secures true Bliss.

D E L I A.

A P A S T O R A L.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H*****.

BLEST Maid, whom partial Nature has endow'd
 With Gifts superior to the giddy crowd ;
 By Pride untainted, courteous yet sincere,
 A Man in sense, and more than Woman fair ;
 Oh MIRA hear,—the Muse attempts to sing
 From hopeless Love what cruel torments spring ;
 And hence let soft Compassion sway thy mind,
 Or veil those Eyes in mercy to mankind.

Now PHOEBUS hasted to the purpled main,
 And length'ning shades obscur'd the dusky plain,
 When STREPHON thus began his plaintive lay,
 Whilst blushing clouds prolong'd the parting day.

Here whilst I mourn fair DELIA's cold disdain,
 Of DELIA too the pensive winds complain,

From

From melting rocks the current swifter flows;
 And Echo feigns a partner in my woes;
 These feel my Pains, but ah! she's more unkind
 Than marble Rocks, less stable than the Wind.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

All the long day though sultry SIRIUS reigns,
 Descending dews at eve refresh the plains;
 Now from their toils the sturdy Hinds releas'd,
 Forsake the Fields, and Nature sinks to rest;
 But oh! Love's fiercer flame for ever glows,
 And my Despair no intermission knows.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

How oft' on yonder winding banks we've rov'd,
 Whilst mazy OUZE in softer numbers mov'd;
 The finny tribes above it's surface play'd,
 That left the stream to view the lovely Maid;
 But now beneath the latent deep they hide,
 And the hoarse waves in sullen discord glide.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Whilst DELIA deign'd my tender Ewes to feed,
 No dire diseases dar'd the fold invade,
 But now she flies, their sun-burnt skins are spread
 O'er ev'ry bush that once afforded shade;
 Alas! the Sheep and hapless Shepherd prove
 Alike the victims of insatiate Love.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Taught by her hands to shoot, the trees that spread
 Yon mountain's side, a grateful arbour made;
 Here, Gods! how often have we spent the day!
 Whilst far below our flocks secure would play;
 Or seek, to shun the fierce meridian heat,
 Beneath yon pendant rocks a cool retreat.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Here for my temples od'rous wreaths she wove,
 Whilst on my Pipe I play'd soft strains of Love;
 But if she sung, while sweeter music fill'd
 The list'ning groves, the birds their notes with-held;
 And rev'rend OUZE, enraptur'd with her song,
 Reluctant dragg'd his ling'ring waves along.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Return, my DELIA— then with wonted lay
The feather'd choirs shall wake each happy day;
Eternal Spring again shall crown the year,
And every scene a pleasing aspect wear:
In vain — regardless of my tears and cries,
Far from these arms the cruel Wand'rer flies.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Sooner can Herds neglect their verdant food,
Or parch'd with thirst avoid the crystal flood;
Beasts quit the forest, Birds forsake the grove,
And Fishes from the liquid plains remove;
Sooner the yeanning Goat her Kid forget,
Than I can cease to love, or she to hate.

Ye pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
These dying accents to th' ingrateful Fair!

Adieu, my Flocks! and ye once happy Plains
Farewel! hence will I fly, and end my pains

From

From yonder bank ; so shall at once the stream
 Extinguish life, and quench Love's scorching flame.
 Oh may the waves this lifeless trunk convey
 Where now in sportive mirth she wastes the day,
 Whilst pitying Zephyrs, in sad murmurs, bear
 My dying accents to th'ingrateful Fair !

Yes, tell I nam'd her with my latest breath,
 And call'd her cruel 'midst the pangs of death ;
 Perhaps her bosom, touch'd with just remorse,
 May vent a sigh to waft the floating corse ;
 And, though her pity had refus'd to save,
 A Tear may steal t'augment my wat'ry Grave.
 Ye Zephyrs, haste, and tell in mournful sighs,
 For whom alone he liv'd her Shepherd dies.

DAMON

DAMON AND COLIN.

A PASTORAL.

THE Sun, now rising with unclouded ray,
Gilt the tall mountains, and reveal'd the day,
When DAMON, driving o'er the green his flocks,
Spy'd COLIN seated on the village stocks:
This the Squire's Maid inflam'd, the other youth
Fair DOLLY fir'd, fierce Emulation both.
Sneering Contempt, and pitch'd upon his crook,
The taunting Shepherd COLIN thus bespoke.

D A M O N.

So early why does COLIN fly from rest?
Does Love, or conscious Guilt disturb his breast?
Is't cruel ^{Biddy's} ~~Nancy's~~ frowns infest his dreams,
Or the shrill cries of Goodman HOBSON's lambs?

C O L I N.

Malicious Clown! this insolence forbear;
Know I not whose ignoble Chains you wear?

Or

Or dost thou think I can so soon forget
 What time my cries oblig'd you to retreat
 O'er yonder wall? you dropt the gather'd fruit;
 And 'midst the copse eluded our pursuit.

D A M O N.

Or when you challeng'd us to sing one day
 Our Mistress' praise, then meanly stole away?
 'This silken Handkerchief that binds my neck,
 And DOLLY hem'd, if now you'd try, I'll stake
 'Gainst any thing you have a mind to lose;
 And see where CLODIUS opportunely goes.

C O L I N.

Fool-hardy Swain! thy silly boast I scorn;
 This Coat behold, which erst the Squire has worn;
 Around the cuffs and pocket-flaps are seen
 The recent marks where golden Lace has been;
 This will I venture, which your Pledge exceeds
 As much as DOLL the filthy swine she feeds.
 Begin—attentive, CLODIUS, mark our strains;
 No common booty 'tis the Victor gains.

D A M O N

D A M O N.

Now smiling May with od'rous flow'rs has spread
 The meads, the trees in liveliest green array'd ;
 To crop the violet, oft to yonder grove
 My DOLLY comes, and hears her Shepherd's Love.

C O L I N.

To town when BIDDY from her COLIN flies,
 Bleak Winter roars, and tempests tear the skies ;
 But when, with Plays and Op'ras cloy'd, she comes,
 The Spring revives, and Zephyrs ^{strew} ~~flow~~ perfumes.

D A M O N.

When the loud Lark forsakes the humble plains,
 If DOLLY sings, he modestly restrains
 Th' unfinish'd lay, the Syren's voice to hear,
 And hangs self-balanc'd in the midway air.

C O L I N.

When the Bell's pleasing sounds to Dinner call,
 Bucks, Parsons, Gamblers fill his Worship's hall ;
 But if at table blushing BIDDY wait,
 With wonder seiz'd, the Guests forget to eat.

D A M O N.

D A M O N.

Where DOLLY strays, the fields more sweet perfumes
 Send forth, the lawn a brighter hue assumes ;
 But all grow languid when the Maid's away,
 Flow'rs hang their heads, and Nature feels decay.

C O L I N.

When Winter strips the groves and hedges bare,
 Round the Squire's House still verdant trees appear ;
 These, though the woods present a dreary scene,
 Inviting her return, are ever green.

D A M O N.

Last Valentine, by stratagem convey'd,
 A tender billet reach'd the lovely Maid,
 Which DOLLY seiz'd, suspecting not the cheat,
 Approv'd my verse, and smil'd at the deceit.

C O L I N.

On Christmas-Day, when Gentlefolks above
 To kill the time, at Brag or E O strove,
 Down to the kitchen, unperceiv'd, I stole,
 And play'd with BIDDY at—My Lady's Hole.

D A M O N.

D A M O N.

The other day, as I return'd at noon,
 DOLLY without her handkerchief or gown,
 Oppress'd with heat, was careless set; I stole,
 Unnotic'd, glances that inflam'd my soul.

C O L I N.

Hail sacred Fashion! at thy shrine I bow;
 To thee the shorten'd Petticoat we owe,
 And high-heel'd Shoe; thou gav'st the eye to gaze
 O'er Fields of Bliss once hid by envious Stays.

D A M O N.

Inform me, COLIN, (many a blockhead can't,
 Though almost ev'ry day 'tis seen) what Plant
 Is that whose stem, when cut obliquely, shows
 The veil that screen'd a Monarch from his foes.

C O L I N.

This quaint Conundrum if thy subtle brain,
 (NANCY admires Conundrums) can explain,
 I yield the coat, and filken pledge withal—
 Why is thy Bonnet like a Butcher's Stall?

C L O.

C L O D I U S.

For shame, ye wrangling Fools, give o'er this noise,
 To neither of you I adjudge the prize;
 For, both, believe me, well deserve to lose—
 But, DAMON, haste, to shelter drive your Ewes,
 See threat'ning clouds the morning sky deform;
 Your clamours, sure, portend a dreadful storm.

HORACE,

H O R A C E, ODE 7. BOOK 3.

F A M I L I A R I S E D.

W H Y what a murrain ails ye, SUKEY?
Still roaring, Child?—the Devil choak ye!

What though this curst Militia
Has torn your favourite Dick away,
And, by this time, stern K**G**Y's got him
Coop'd up within the Lines at CHATHAM;
Yet chear up, Lafs, you'll see him back
Before you taste All-hallows Cake;
Let not so short an absence hurt ye,
Nor doubt your Lover's truth and virtue:
All night, from grateful sleep debarr'd,
He watches on the Piquet-Guard;
And sometimes stands, whole hours together,
Expos'd to every kind of weather;
Else on some straw, with half a dozen
More restless fellows, almost frozen,
ACE, Comfortless lies, by winds and rains
Annoy'd, and scarce from tears refrains.

F

Perhaps

Perhaps some Brumpton Crack may've sent
 The wicked Pander to his tent,
 A thousand wily arts to try
 To undermine his chastity,
 T'assure him with what Love she burns,
 And how his cruel Absence mourns.
 Ev'n whilst we're talking here, who knows if
 Some are not telling him of JOSEPH,
 Whose Master fought to take his life
 Because he would not kiss his Wife;
 With other tales, of bashful BEN,
 And many more too-modest men,
 Who have, like him, great hardships suffer'd.
 For slighting Women's Wares when offer'd—
 But let them try their arts — I'll warrant
 Dick shall be constant still — no fear on't —
 They might as well move our Church-steeple,
 Or by intreaties bend the Maypole:
 Mean time, let's here take care, lest THOMAS
 Grow more familiar than become us;
 What though no Swain knows better how
 To drive a Team, or hold a Plough;
 What though no Youth at Foot-ball dare
 To meet him, or can jump so far;

Yet soon as ever Night shall come,
 Be sure you keep within at home ;
 Nor after Milking-time be seen
 On any score to pass the Green ;
 And whilst without he whistles, stop
 Your ears, nor door nor window ope :
 Whate'er harsh names or oaths he puts out,
 Ne'er mind — there let him bawl his guts out.

F 2

BEL-

BELPHEGOR;

OR,

THE DEVIL MARRIED:

A TALE.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

--- Ubi immundas Sol lambit lumine fossas,
Tetra ubi proluviæ gravè olet cænoque fimoque ;
Non tamen effusi radii, dum fordibus errant,
Infusas ducunt ea per commercia fordes.

VIDA

ONCE on a time in solemn state
The King of Hell's dark regions fate ;
Th' inferior Pow'rs, around dispos'd
By their respective ranks, inclos'd
His ebon Throne, intent on ill ;
When after many points long while
With warmth debated pro and con,
Some of great weight, and some of none,
'Twas mov'd, that all th' infernal crew
Should pass before them in review ;

A

And to the Senate should declare
 The cause of their descending there :
 The Motion pleas'd—the Trumpets sound,
 And all Hell's central Caves rebound ;
 Remotest Ghosts the summons hear,
 And in an instant crowds appear :
 Here, from their pains awhile let loose,
 Kings, Beggars, Statesmen, Bawds, and Shrews,
 Heroes and Slaves promiscuous groan ;
 The cause demanded, either one,
 With loud laments and dismal shrieks,
 Cast all the blame on th' other sex ;
 Each Wife her Husband, he his Wife,
 Pronounc'd the greatest curse in life :
 'Most all the marry'd folks, in short,
 Gave in the very same report ;
 When SATAN thus address'd the council,
 “ If we may credit these accounts, I'll
 “ Be bound, by Heav'n, to renounce Hell,
 “ And never more to wield this Sceptre,
 “ Or half the Globe shall soon be swept here ;
 “ However, Sirs, it does behove
 “ Us much the truth of them to prove ;

" Therefore 'twere best, that one be sent
 " From hence to Earth, who, not content
 " With hearing how the matter goes,
 " Shall also take himself a Spouse ;
 " Through ev'ry stage of Hymen pass,
 " Mix with her herds and mark their ways ;
 " Thus will Experience make the case
 " Plain as the nose upon one's face :
 " If true, what Projects may be fram'd !
 " What Stratagems t' augment the damn'd !
 " Methinks I see the peevish crowds
 " Already flock to our abodes."

He said, and from their meagre Jaws
 The whole Assembly shriek'd applause ;
 Yet here, how well soever plann'd,
 Some difficulties still remain'd ;
 For ev'ry Devil himself excus'd,
 And Life on such hard terms refus'd.
 At length 'twas mov'd, one should be chose
 By a major'ty of the house.
 When Belphegor by public voice
 Was chose, and Hell approv'd the choice :

A crafty, sly, experienc'd Fiend,
 On whose address they might depend ;
 And who could see as far as most
 Into a mill-stone or a post.
 To exercise th' important function
 Him they depute, with this injunction,
 Not to return ere twice five years
 On pain of forfeiting his ears.
 They next proceed his Devilship
 With all things requisite t' equip ;
 He first a human form assumes,
 Then bills for stipulated sums
 Upon their friends on earth are granted,
 With whatsoever else he wanted,
 Becoming persons of condition,
 To fit him for the expedition.

In FLORENCE now for gallantry,
 Extravagance, and luxury,
 For sports, intrigues and beauties fam'd,
 Don RODERIC, for so was nam'd
 Our Devil incarnate, comes, and here
 He passes for a wealthy heir ;

His house he fits up like a Lord
 Keeps a large train, and sumptuous board ;
 Studies new pleasures ev'ry day,
 And games, drinks, whores, and spends away ;
 Yet, mean time, ne'er omits to watch,
 And take account of ev'ry match
 That happen'd near ; would strictly note 'em,
 And sift their conduct to the bottom :
 For which two registers he had,
 To enter down both good and bad ;
 But this, ere t' other half a column,
 Had fill'd a most enormous volume.

T' inlist himself in HYMEN's band
 Was now the only thing remain'd ;
 Not distant far there dwelt a Lady
 The magic of whose charms already
 Don RODERIC's heart began to feel ;
 Gay, airy, handsome and genteel,
 Her want of fortune was supply'd
 By a sufficient stock of pride —
 " Chaste ? " Without doubt, and well descended ;
 On her he pitch'd for his intended ;

Before

Before her father laid the matter,
 Who answer'd — " Though indeed his daughter,
 " By this unequal union, wou'd!
 " Contaminate their noble Blood;"
 (We should, indeed, before have said
 That RODERIC had apply'd to trade.)

" Though many others sought HONESTA
 " Of high extraction, must protest he
 " Should make no scruple to declare
 " 'Midst all Don RODERIC he'd prefer:

Nay promis'd in consideration
 To take his humble application:
 Mean time with Balls, and Masquerades,
 Expensive Treats, and Serenades,
 Continually he plies the Dame,
 T' evince the ardour of his flame.

These entertainments greatly waste
 Th' allowance which ten years should last;
 But heedless how the stock decreases,
 Each day the last's expence surpasses:
 Presents are endless heap'd upon her,
 Which she accepts—though *too great Honour*—
 Till after many fruitless pray'rs,

Affiduous watchings, sighs and tears,

Many

Many a rebuff, and shrewd finesses,
 The Dame relents, and answers—Yes—
 The notary comes—with Jointures, Grants,
 Surrenders, Bonds, and Covenants :
 “ Are Wives, then,” RODERIC smiling said,
 “ Like lands and tenements convey’d ?
 “ And must one cheapen them, as does
 “ The bart’ring Peasant hogs and cows ?
 “ No wonder that such frequent strife
 “ Arises between Man and Wife !
 “ What bonds can e’er sufficient prove
 “ To hold a heart untouch’d by Love ?
 “ CUPID’s dull arrows strike in vain
 “ The mercenary breast of Man ;
 “ But HYMEN more successful comes,
 “ Beating aloud her parchment drums,
 “ And brandishing her Goose-quill darts,
 “ T’assert her Empire o’er our Hearts ;
 “ Whilst venal Hirelings crowd behind
 “ Her Slaves in golden chains to bind.”
 Here, Sirs, to give the Devil his due,
 Confess his Observations true.

The Ceremony o'er, his Spouse
 RODERIC conducts unto his house,
 Where, ere the Honey-moon had run
 One Quarter through, the Game begun—
 But give me leave to introduce ye,
 Their Carriage may perhaps amuse ye;
 He's now become less complaisant,
 She more impatient of restraint :
 My Dear ! my Love ! and such soft phrases
 To harsher sounds have left their places,
 ' Indeed Sir !'—' I assure ye Ma'am'—
 ' FineAirs!'—' 'Sblood!'—' Know ye who I am?'—
 Indifference to Contempt increases,
 She's raving still, Him nothing pleases ;
 Each day they more contentious grow,
 And mighty feuds from trifles flow ;
 The carpet greas'd, or fire ill stirr'd,
 Sufficient grounds for broils afford :
 Behold him set in sullen gloom,
 She pertly bouncing round the room—
 ' Indeed !—to contradict me truly ;'
 "' I is false"—' 'Tis not'—' You lie'—' And you lie.'
 " You're crack brain'd"—' You're a filly creature.'—
 " You're a damn'd fool"—' And you're a greater.'—
 " Zoons !

“ Zoons ! Madam ” — ‘ Yes, you dictate to me ! ’ —

“ Fox o’ your Larum ” — ‘ Learn to know me,

‘ You base-born Clown ’ — “ By G — d, I’ll humble

“ That Spirit ” — ‘ Try, I’ll make ye tremble. ’ —

Thus, striving which could most torment

The other, ev’ry day was spent.

“ In Bed ? ” — In Bed ! no change was here,

Unless severer for severe ;

Condemn’d ’midst endless noise to lie,

He neither could appease or fly ;

Soft Slumber’s chas’d by midnight jars,

And Curtain Lectures deaf his ears.

Quarrels sometimes so high would rise,

Their neighbours, frightened with the noise,

Came flocking in — “ A paltry Tradesman

“ To give himself these airs ! it mads one ;

“ From Equals one might not expect

“ So much submission, or respect ;

“ But him, who daily ought to thank

“ His stars for one of my high rank !

“ Could I but — he’d be rightly fitted. ” —

’Tis no where said she this omitted.

In

In short they pass'd, our Story says,
 No day without Disputes and Frays ;
 Which made the weary Devil almost
 Regret the cooler Hell he'd lost :
 But what still made the matter worse,
 As Peace his House, so Cash his Purse
 Had now forsook : we've shown above
 How elegantly Rod'RIC strove
 To furnish out his House, but now
 There's not a Moveable will do :
 Such monstrous, shameful furniture
 Her Ladyship could not endure.
 " What Soul can live in such a waste ?
 " No individual thing in taste !
 " Such Chairs ! no man can sit upon 'em :
 " These Beds have surely lodg'd my Gran'am :
 " Yon Glasses seem as if they'd stood
 " Long ere the time of NoAH's Flood :
 " The ornamental China queer !
 " The Hangings out of character !"
 Thus, whatso'er she dooms antique
 Gives place to others — ' something like ' —
 Till all th' old-fashion'd Lumber's chang'd,
 New bought, and in their stations rang'd.

Add

Add to all these, Diversions, Dress,
 Jewels, Pin-Money, bad Success
 At Cards, which had consum'd the Fund,
 And Creditors incessant dunn'd.
 Misfortunes on Misfortunes press,
 And Ills to greater Ills give place ;
 His Factors fail, his Ships are tost
 By storms, and all their cargoes lost :
 Others break largely in his debt,
 And Duns grow more importunate.
 Unable to oppose the tide
 Of ills that pour'd from every side,
 At length he takes him to his heels,
 And from their hot pursuit conceals
 Himself, within an Hog-Sty cram'd ;
 The owner was MATHEO nam'd ;
 To him he frankly tells his case,
 What his distress, and who he was,
 What various mischiefs plagu'd his life,
 Duns, Bailiffs, Writs—but most a Wife.
 That now for his support he'd plann'd
 A scheme that would his aid demand ;
 Namely, to enter others Bodies,
 Throw them in Fits, or deep Brown-Studies ;
 From

From whence, on paying such a sum,
When call'd by him, he'd instant come,
And both should share the premium.

" Here I shall find," he cries, " at least a

" Secure asylum from HONESTA ;

" And thus have nought from her to fear,

" HONESTA'll never seek me here."

MATHEO readily agrees

To halve the bus'ness and the fees,

The Devil, for their first adventure,

In a rich Heiress chose to enter :

MATHEO, for prodigious wages,

To dispossess the Fiend engages,

Who, soon as e'er MATHEO's voice

Commanded him, obedient flies.

At Naples this, from thence to Rome

The Dæmon and MATHEO come :

Here he another Lady seizes,

(Observe a Female, Sirs, best please)

Another stipend is secur'd,

The Devil expell'd, the Lady cur'd ;

Thus all seem'd in a prosp'rous way,

But now there came the Devil to pay

And

And none to pay him — to cheat him
 MATHEO judg'd no sort of crime,
 The Biter therefore thought to bite,
 Nor would refund a single doit:
 The Devil, with rage and malice stung,
 Vow'd he would be reveng'd ere long.

One Daughter Naples, Sov'reign had,
 Beauteous and young, Historians add;
 Her Father's joy, her Sex's pride;
 Great Princes came from ev'ry side
 Employing all their art to win her,
 Till, fatal chance! the Devil got in her.
 Through town and country now there ran
 A rumour of a cunning Man,
 Endu'd with supernatural skill,
 T' eject these evil Spirits at will.
 With greatest diligence he's sought,
 And with no small reluctance brought:
 T' encourage him ten thousand pounds
 Are promis'd if the fiend absconds:
 Mean time MATHEO, who despair'd
 Of meriting so great reward,
 His insufficiency declar'd;

And

And to the King and Court profess'd,
 'Twas true that he had dispossefs'd
 Indeed an evil spirit or two
 By accident, or God knows how;
 But was a poor and sinful creature,
 And knew not ought about the matter;
 At least this was above his hand,
 And over him he'd no command.
 In vain was all he could advance
 T' assure them of his ignorance;
 No protestations would convince
 The Courtiers and their angry Prince:
 He must, in spite of his harangue,
 Or dispossefs the fiend, or hang:
 On such a day our Sorcerer
 T' encounter with him must prepare.
 Th' allotted space MATHEO past in
 Continued watching, praying, fasting;
 Nor need we fear of being believ'd,
 To say the day too soon arriv'd.
 Around the King and Courtiers sit
 To be spectators of their fight;
 The Gold on one side they exhibit,
 On th' opposite erect a Gibbet:

G

In

In NAPLES not a mother's son
 But leave their work to see the fun;
 And with their clamours rend the air,
 "Now Mad-woman." — "Now Conjuror."
 MATHEO, pale with fear, confesses
 The injury, conjures and presses;
 Now strives to soften him with tears,
 And now with promises and pray'rs;
 But all to no effect, the more he's
 Alarm'd, the more the other glories.
 At length MATHEO gave it out,
 Affirming he'd not pow'r to do't:
 Instant a dozen ruffian fellows
 Seize on, and drag him to the gallows;
 Where, when the noose they'd put his neck in,
 Nor hope remain'd to save his bacon,
 Necessity, Invention's dam,
 Suggests a very lucky scheme;
 A noise was at a distance heard,
 And a large company appear'd
 In wild uproar and wanton revel;
 Onward they come, at which the Devil
 Confus'd demands—"What means that noise?"
 "HONESTA, surc!" MATHEO cries,

"'Tis

" 'Tis she herself, I know her tongue,
 " Attended by this num'rous throng,
 " She's hither come to claim the spouse
 " With whom she interchang'd her vows."
 Of spells or charms no farther need,
 BELPHEGOR like a Devil led,
 Nor tarry'd till the Stygian flood
 He'd pass'd, and 'fore Hell's Monarch stood;
 Then thus began—" Dread Sire! forgive
 Your vassal, that, without your leave,
 I here descend before my time;
 Could tortures expiate my crime,
 Such I have undergone, I'm sure,
 No Devil e'er could long endure :
 If schemes to vex the Damn'd shall fail,
 Introduce marrying in Hell :
 Your Majesty has not, I own,
 A brighter Jewel in your Crown
 Than Wedlock, as now carry'd on :
 Now, for I can't so much condemn
 The Institution, as blame them ;
 And think Man's greatest curse has flow'd
 From what was meant his greatest good.

You need not now make half the fuss
 To conquer twenty men of Uz ;
 [Could you have got a modern wife
 For Job, you'd won him, on my life.
 I only pray the Lord in Heav'n
 HONESTA's fins may be forgiv'n ;
 That we may never meet together ;
 But hope he will in mercy, either
 Preserve her soul, or stop her mouth ;
 For should she be condemn'd, in troth !
 One Hell can never hold us both." }

TO THE
REV. MR. WHEELDON.

Quæ quidem in homine dicuntur bona,---

Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet. TRA.

AS Chymists for their boasted Stone,
Fatal to most, obtain'd by none,
Man toils with almost like success
In his research for Happiness ;
Consumes his years in fruitless pain,
Unknowing what he'd wish to gain.
How various our pursuits of Bliss !
Yet similar, perhaps, in this,
Like many lines which first begun
From the same point, although we run
In different directions, still
Our several advances will,
The farther we proceed, increase
Our distance from true Happiness ;
All equally in error stray,
And only err a different way :

As with the courser, so with man,
 The goal is where the race began :
 Through per'lous paths he blindly strays,
 Whilst in his breast naster it lays;
 And roves, a willing vagabond,
 To seek what must at home be found.
 " The Jewel," whispers Avarice,
 " Conceal'd 'midst hoarded treasures lies ;
 " By whate'er means get money, each is
 " Blest in proportion to his riches."
 Obedient to the traitress' voice,
 The Miser hoards, but ne'er enjoys
 His useless wealth ; whilst in his bags
 He finds more weighty cares and plagues
 With Gold are cram'd—Ambition tells,
 On Power's airy top it dwells ;
 And see where up the glassy steep
 By painful steps her votaries creep ;
 Behold what numerous wretches lie
 Plung'd in the gulph of Infamy ;
 And others, who, the summit gain'd,
 Uneasy, trembling, tott'ring stand ;
 Ever afraid Sedition's breath
 Should sink them in th' Abyfs beneath.

Voluptu'ries and Sensualists
 Imagine Happiness consists
 Alone in Pleasures, Health and Ease ;
 The Stoic in contempt of these ;
 They find Distaste and Loathing lay
 As Serpents in the flow'ry way
 Of Pleasure—This, his thorny road
 Leads not to Happiness' abode.

“ Since disappointment waits us still,
 “ Who then are happy ?” All who will—
 “ The World has nothing to bestow,” *
 Man frames himself his bliss or woe ;
 Enjoyment's to no Sphere alone
 Confin'd, nor yet on any one
 Mis'ry intail'd ; but as we chuse
 We change, Camelion-like, their hues :
 The Peasant in the dust may feel,
 Perhaps, sincerer joys than dwell
 With Princes ; he who fills a throne
 Pangs to the fetter'd Slave unknown :
 It matters nothing what our lot,
 Felicity consists in thought.

* Dr. Cotton.

G 4

You've

You've seen CLEORA's Fan, of which
 One side is painted dark as pitch,
 And Hell, with all the punishments
 The Dam'd there suffer, represents:
 Here all the pangs those wretches feel
 Are pencil'd—Here Ixion's Wheel;
 There the rapacious Vulture ever
 Feasts on PROMETHEUS' growing liver;
 Here SYSIPHUS rolls up the hill
 His stone; there BELUS' Daughters fill
 In vain their urns; and TANTALUS dips
 To catch the stream that flies his lips.
 The other side, you know Sir, yields
 A prospect of th' ELYSIAN fields,
 Displays the transports which the Blest
 Within their peaceful mansions taste,
 Delights ineffable!—Here some
 Through meads for ever fragrant roam;
 Others in blissful Bow'rs recline,
 And to th' Ætherial Powers join
 In grateful songs, and harmony divine.
 There underneath the Laurel Grove,
 Faithful in life, fond Lovers rove;

And

And Sol. with ten-fold brighter beams
To gild the sacred valleys seems.

Thus when the Toy the Nymph unfolds,
Which ever side she next her holds,
As choice or chance directs, she sees
Hell's dreary shades, or Heav'n surveys ;
At will the self-same thing can make
Appearances so different take.
So 'tis in Life—Whate'er our state,
Whate'er occurrences we meet,
As fancy gives them form, they will
Appear to be or good or ill :
If what you'd Evils call, appear
Blessings to me they really are ;
And seeming Blessings, *e converso*—
If they are deem'd Misfortunes, are so :
Fortune with sparing hand perhaps
Deals to me what on some she heaps ;
But if my small possessions bound
Desire, and I ne'er wish beyond ;
If what I have I know to prize,
And cheerful what's with-held despise,

And

'Tis

'Tis more than Fortune can supply,
 And more than Fortune can destroy :
 Content's enjoyment in each station,
 And Happiness imagination.

Adieu !—What lengths my pen has run !
 Thought to speak truth, when I begun,
 This long preamble was design'd
 To grace a Tale that's yet behind.—
 Nay—don't be frighted, to your comfort
 We must postpone this—here's no room for't.

HORACE

H O R A C E, O D E 7. B O O K 4.

T O M R. W M. D R A P E R.

DISSOLV'D by the ascending Sun,
 Behold, my Friend, the Snows are gone;
 Again indulgent Nature spreads
 Her painted tap'stry o'er the meads;
 The woods and groves are deck'd with leaves,
 The rivers, whose diminish'd waves
 Their banks, but late despis'd, contain,
 Glide softly to their parent main;
 The Graces now with Nymphs advance,
 And naked join the mazy dance:
 Each day that turns the rapid year
 Foretells our short continuance here;
 Admonishing us by it's flight,
 That Life must also have it's night:
 Zephyrs, that Winter's rigour chase,
 To Summer's scorching reign give place;
 On Summer's heels brown Autumn treads,
 And sluggish Winter next succeeds;

Each

Each month the Regent of the Night
 Wanes, and repairs her borrow'd light;
 Yet once Man dies, Life's Joys are o'er,
 These Scenes we ne'er revisit more;
 But mingle with th' illustrious dead,
 Vile clods of earth, and empty shade;
 Perhaps this day you lavish waste,
 Stern Fate may have decreed your last;
 Yet what th' insatiate heir you leave
 His eager grasp shall soon deceive.
 When Death's consign'd thee to the tomb,
 And MINOS fix'd th' impartial doom,
 Not, DRAPER, all thine eloquence,
 Thy birth, good-nature, wit, or sense,
 Shall from grim PLUTO's real redeem;
 None e'er repass the STYGIAN stream:
 Even DIANA could no more
 The chaste HIPPOLYTUS restore;
 And dauntless THESEUS strove in vain
 His lov'd PIRITHOUS to regain.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF
CUPID TEACHING SCHOOL.

KIND Preceptor from above,
Instruct my CLORA how to love;
Teach the Caufer of my Care,
Though she's form'd divinely fair,
Youth and Beauty will decay
In the eve of Life's short Day :
Orient Diamonds vainly shine,
Hid within their native Mine :
Next enforce, persuasive Boy,
Sacred HYMEN's lasting Joy ;
On th' extatic transports dwell,
Nor forget the Pangs I feel.

To

To Miss R*** B***R.

On a fine PEACH which some INSECTS had
begun to prey upon.

HER works, as mirrors Nature plac'd
Around us, that we might behold
Our errors, and where'er we cast
Our eyes, see truths in emblem told.

Let not FELICIA then refuse
These dumb instructors—know, this Peach
Affords a lesson of more use
Than any, doating pedants teach.

Those cheeks, which now so wan appear,
With brightest crimson us'd to glow,
The bloom of beauty revell'd there,
Though spoil'd of all their lustre now.

Mark

Mark the fierce ravages of Time !

Uncropt it hung, till chilling storms
And Winter had consum'd its prime,
Then fell a prey to ants and worms.

So, lovely Maid, though partial Heav'n
To form thee rifled all it's stores ;
That matchless form in vain was giv'n
If love employ not youth's soft hours.

Life's winter, Age, may soon deform
Those charms, and blot out ev'ry grace ;
And Spleen, and Envy, cank'ring worm,
In wrinkles plow thine alter'd face.

No fair, eclips'd, sees others shine,
But views them with malignant eyes ;
Prudery, curst harpy, haunts the shrine
Where Beauty's been the sacrifice.

To

TO THE REV. MR. PH. HAWKINS,

AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

DOES then my Friend desire to know,
 When absent from him,—what I do ?
 Where, and on what my time's employ'd,
 And how I fill Life's mighty void ?
 The Lord above knows how ! I don't,
 Nor can attempt to give account :
 What now I'm doing should you ask,
 T' inform you were an easier task ;
 Have you not, reverend Sir, observ'd
 The many names that have been carv'd
 By idle Blockheads on the walls
 And galleries about St. PAUL's,
 Whom, but that here these proofs are seen,
 The world would ne'er have known had been.
 Thus I, you see, pursue their scheme,
 And lest beneath Time's rapid stream
 I sink with the ignoble crew,
 Adroitly fix myself to you :

Now

Now they who'll read in after times,
And to the fire condemn these rhymes,
Just Sentence!—when what's plac'd at top
They view, the fight their hand shall stop;
And all, in reverence to your name,
Will save my verses from the Flame;

H WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN
BONA'S GUIDE TO ETERNITY.

AS some young Dove, for flight mature,
That short excursions tries, then back
As oft returns, nor can endure
It's unfledg'd Partner to forsake,

Thus I—in vain does BONA paint
The purer Joys, th' ecstatic Bliss
Of Souls in future Worlds, I can't
Alas! detach my Thoughts from this.

Oft' as his Precepts I peruse,
I spurn all sublunary Joys ;
I soar above Earth's sordid views,
And Heav'n alone my Hopes employs.

But when thy Beauties I survey,
O MIRA ! my resolves are vain ;
Those charms my hov'ring Spirit stay,
And lure it back to Earth again.

THE

THE
EPHESIAN MATRON:

A T A L E.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima dehiscat ;
Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad Umbras ;
Pallentes Umbras Erebi, Noctemque profundam,
Ante, Pudor, quam te violò, aut tua Jura resolvo.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, Amores
Abstulit : ille habeat secum, servetque Sepulchro. VIRG.

THERE dwelt in EPHEsus of old
A most surprizing Wife we're told,
Young, fair, and chaste, a perfect wonder,
The boast of all the Country round her :
Folks from all quarters flock'd to see
This Miracle of Chastity ;
(Sure virtuous Wives were scarcer far
In days of yore, than now they are.)

H 2

Though

Though now nine years, or more, were gone
 Since they'd been conjur'd into one,
 You would almost have laid your Life
 They'd not been nine days Man and Wife ;
 So fond, so tender of each other !
 Had there but been a Whichenovre
 In Greece, our Couple sure enough
 Had borne the Fitch of Bacon off.

The Husband dies—to tell ye how
 Would waste both time; and paper too.

Queen ARTEMISIA, some have boasted,
 Devour'd her Husband's Body roasted :
 But all, who our poor Widow saw,
 Thought she'd have eat her Dear Man raw :
 She tears her Hair, and beats her Breast,
 Now hugs and kisses the Deceas'd ;
 Whilst torrents issue from her Eyes,
 And Shrieks and Groans ascend the Skies.
 " Perhaps the Will"—Quite the reverse,
 Yet this still made the matter worse ;
 Such recent Marks of his Affection
 Serv'd but to add to her Affliction ;

Since

Since his poor Eyes were clos'd in Night,
 No longer her's could bear the Light,
 "Heav'n made us one, nor shall," she cry'd,
 "The envious Stroke of Death divide :
 "One Part is Earth, then 'tis but just
 "The other, too, return to Dust.
 Thus she, and nothing now would do
 But she'd be buried with him too :
 Remonstrances, vain waste of Breath,
 Did but increase her cries for Death ;
 For when a Woman's firmly bent
 You might by force of Argument
 As well—*Here twenty Lines almost*
By some strange Accident are lost.—

The Fun'ral over, now we come
 To view the Lady in the Tomb ;
 Where clad in sable Weeds she fits,
 Complains, upbraids, and prays by Fits :
 Three Times the Orb of Day had risen
 And set, whilst in her gloomy Prison
 Our Heroine unrelenting fate,
 Chiding the ling'ring Hand of Fate.

Since

Perhaps some Critics here may say,
 She might have found a shorter way ;
 By Hemp or Poison ; or the Sword
 A speedier Exit would afford :
 All which we grant, but they must own
 By this her resolution shown.
 And thus her Eyes, awhile at least,
 Upon his dear lov'd Form might feast ;
 The only kind of Nourishment
 She took within the Monument.

There was, it seems, not far from hence
 Another dead Man's residence ;
 But here no mimic Cherubs mourn,
 No Sculptor's toils the Tomb adorn ;
 No monumental Piles ascend,
 Save one Post o'er two rear'd on end ;
 No Epitaph, when turn'd to dust,
 To eternize his Deeds—his Bust,
 Which 'twixt the Earth and Sky was plac'd,
 No longer than his Bones would last :
 Justice, omitting all preamble,
 Had tuck'd him up for an example ;

As Clowns stick Crows upon their sheaves
 T' affrighten other feather'd thieves.
 Here constantly a Soldier stood
 To guard the trunk, lest any shou'd,
 Assisted by the night, attempt
 Without a ransom to redeem't ;
 With promise of a great reward
 If diligent—but 'twas declar'd,
 Should they elude his vigilance,
 Himself in air should take a dance.
 Surpriz'd, he sees at dead of night
 Within the Tomb a glimm'ring light ;
 Attracted by a sight so new,
 He left his charge, and thither drew ;
 And hears, as nearer he approaches,
 Outrageous groans, and harsh reproaches
 Against the Gods—As nothing scares
 (Or ought) th' intrepid Sons of Mars ;
 Nearer and nearer still he ventures,
 At length, *sans ceremonie*, enters.

You will imagine, at the sight
 Of such an inoffensive sprite,

H 4

Whate'er

Whate'er he had of terror ceas'd,
 Whilst curiosity increas'd :
 Awhile he stood in wonder lost,
 Fix'd as a statue, or a post,
 Then thus address'd the beauteous Ghost :

“ For Heav'n's sake, Madam, let me learn
 “ Th' occasion of all this Concern ;
 “ These piteous Cries that wound my Ears ;
 “ Why bath'd in Tears your Face appears ;
 “ And, what seems stranger still, the reason
 “ Of your Confinement in this Prison.”

She only with fresh Tears, her Eyes
 Fixt on the lifeless Corpse, replies,
 To find the cause that griev'd her thus
 Did not require an *ÆDIPUS* ;

A Task remain'd by much severer,
 Viz. to convince her of her Error :

Our Soldier all his Rhet'ric summon'd,
 And in this manner let fly some on't :

“ Why G—d-zoons ! Madam, sure you're mad !
 “ The Man, beyond dispute, is dead ;
 “ Can any Soul then in their senses
 “ E'er entertain such foolish fancies :
 “ That Man should die is nothing new,
 “ Thus it must be with me, and you,

“ And

" And every one;—and has been, Madam,
 " The Lot of all Men down from ADAM :
 " But it is new, upon my word,
 " For Folks alive to be interr'd :
 " When Nature's final Debt is paid,
 " These Vaults receive the mould'ring dead ;
 " But, for my Bl—d, I can't conceive
 " What any Soul does here alive :
 " When I'm shown down the Stygian stair-case,
 " Content I'll leave ye here my carcase ;
 " There's no resisting Fate ; but d--mme
 " Whilst I can live, if SCRATCH shall ha'me.
 " Come, Madam, pray think better on't,
 " If tears could fetch him back, you'd done't ;
 " But since they're fruitless, dry 'em up,
 " And let us think 'tis time to sup :
 " I'll run and bring you, if you please,
 " Some ammunition bread and cheese ;
 " Coarse entertainment ! yet I know
 " 'Tis better than you'd find below.
 " Still silent ? silence gives consent—"
 So saying, out the soldier went,
 And to the tomb, as quick as thought,
 The relics of his supper brought :

After

After long importunities,
 She yields, reluctant, and agrees
 To share the melf — “ for Grief would soon
 “ Perform what Hunger should have done !”
 Here, with permission, *tête a tête*,
 O'er their repast we'll leave them set,
 And for a while the scene shall shift;
 Attend, my Muse, and lend a lift.

There is, they say, within the sky,
 A little cross-grain'd deity,
 Whose joy is to give pain; and whose chief
 Employment's doing others mischief.
 When things in Heav'n don't go to's mind,
 He vents his malice on mankind;
 Where frequently his tricks are play'd
 On those who least his power dread:
 Makes breasts with diff'rent passions burn,
 Fires one with Love, and one with Scorn:
 And as I've seen, at Country Fairs,
 Some wanton rascal stitch in pairs
 The gaping crowds, then pleas'd behold
 His couples fret, fume, fight, and scold;

So he, with more enduring tether,
 Ties often jarring souls together,
 Who, griev'd to find their freedom lost,
 Strive which shall vex the other most :
 With these, and many such-like tricks,
 When any thing his stomach pricks,
 Or sport invites, th' unlucky wag
 Poor mortals takes delight to plague.
 Whether Mamma had chid the lad,
 Or mere caprice, for 'tis not said,
 Induc'd the urchin to assault
 Our harmless pair within the vault ;
 But up his poison'd darts he took,
 Olympus' lofty top forfook,
 And with too sure and fatal aim
 Pierc'd both the Warrior and the Dame.

The Widow, or my mem'ry's bad,
 Was handsome, we've already said ;
 And such as men in higher life
 Might have admir'd — altho' their wife.
 So was the Soldier, let me add,
 A smart, brisk, well-built, clever lad ;

Who

Who scrupling not to own his love,

Us'd ev'ry argument to prove

(That love supplying elocution)

The folly of her resolution :

" Was ever ought so curst absurd !

" In perfect health to be interr'd !

" Can all your tears, your stubborn grief

" To him administer relief ?

" Supposing now that you instead

" Of Spoufy, had your exit made

" From off the stage of life; I scarce

" Imagine he'd have play'd this farce.

" Gods! must those beauties be engros'd

" By some cold, meagre, thankless ghost !

" Those ruby lips, that downy breast

" By horrid skeletons be prest !

" Think you that matchless form by Heav'n

" Was for no other purpose giv'n ?

" If, 'stead of making these d—mn'd faces,

" You seek some happier youth's embraces,

" In what, I pray, consists the crime ?

" Or what have we to fear from him ?

" He'll ne'er come from the tomb again

" To twit you with it, or complain.

" Or

" Or though, my dear, for ever you
 " The soft delights of love forego —
 " Will this your former husband profit?
 " No, trust me, he'll know nothing of it:
 " Assure yourself, the dead nor know
 " Nor care a farthing what we do."

But why should I fatigue my Muse
 To sing the wiles that Lovers use?
 The artifices fram'd by men
 To gain the fair?— Suffice it then,
 So vigorously he urg'd his suit,
 The Dame no longer could hold out;
 No longer with her love contends;
 A second Marriage-Bed ascends,
 And — " Bed?"—Why, true, there was no Bed,
 But then the Tomb-stone serv'd instead.

Now, whilst our Lovers lay entranc'd
 Within each other's arms, it chanc'd
 That some associates passing near,
 And finding that the coast was clear,
 Turn gallows-lifters, and convey
 The malefactor's trunk away.

When

When the poor Soldier to his post
 Return'd, and found the carcase lost;
 He hastens weeping to the tomb,
 And tells his Mistress what was come
 (Gone rather) through his negligence,
 And what must be the consequence—
 Inevitable Death! ere long
 She'd see him plac'd where t' other hung :
 Indeed so Justice did intend,
 But female Wit here interven'd :
 " Surely malicious Fate takes sport in
 " Heaping misfortune on misfortune !
 " No sooner comforted for one
 " Distress, than worse come rolling on :
 " And am I destin'd; then, to bear
 " At once the loss of two so dear ?
 " Oh no! Ye gracious pow'rs forbid
 " That I should suffer this !" she cry'd
 " A living Puppy is of more
 " Value than a dead Emperor.
 " Return, and place this lifeless body
 " Whence your's was stol'n, and I'll upho'd ye ;
 " None shall distinguish 'twixt the two,
 " Or I'll be bound to hang there too."

Thus

Thus having said, from out the coffin
 They haul'd her Husband's corpse, which off in
 Triumph was by the Soldier borne,
 To grace the gibbet — whilst, next morn,
 Most were surpris'd — How a dead man
 Had found his way out back again *.

* Mr. DE ST. EVREMONT, in his judgment on the writings of PETRONIUS, has related this story from him, to which is annexed the following note.---- "JOHN of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres, who hath inserted this story out of PETRONIUS, in his Book intituled POLICRATICUS, assures us, from an ancient Author, that there was, in effect, at EPHEBUS, such a Lady as is here described by PETRONIUS. Tu historiam, aut fabulam, quod his verbis refert PETRONIUS, pro libitu appellabis. Ita tamen ex facto accidisse Ephesi, et Flavianus auctor est. Mulieremque tradit impietatis suæ, et sceleris paricidalis et adulterii pœnas luiffe." JOANNES Salisb. POLICRATICUS, sive de nugis Curialium, &c. lib. 8. cap. 11.

CAN.

C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

CLOE thus the Swain she slighted,
Pride affecting cold disdain,
To her arms again invited,
Weeping call'd, but call'd in vain.

A I R.

C L O E.

False, ingrateful STREPHON ! whither
Dost thou fly me ? why with scorn
Repay a Maiden's fondness ? Hither,
Or thy CLOE dies, return.

When protesting, kneeling, sighing,
Were those vows but empty wind ?
Haste, now CLOE more complying,
More compassionate you'll find.

R E C I T A T I V E.

STREPHON her distress enjoying,
Heard the Nymph's complaints unmov'd,
And with arrogance replying,
Thus her former slights reprov'd :

A I R.

A I R.

S T R E P H O N.

Guiltless of a thought of changing,
 Never Shepherd lov'd more true ;
 Till by contempt reduc'd to ranging,
 To Doris' gentler Breast I flew.

Beauty, unaided by Good-nature,
 Can inflict but transient smart ;
 Rigour still gnaws off the fetter,
 And sets at large the captive Heart.

I

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP:

AN
ELEGY.

TO NARCISSA.

YE once lov'd Scenes! where innocently pass'd
My early Years, why now are ye beheld
Unmov'd? Why pensive rove I here, nor taste
Those tranquil Pleasures ye were wont to yield?

No more the flow'rs their vernal honours wear,
Nor fragrant balms perfume the breezy gale;
No more, from yon dun Hawthorn-shade, I hear
The plaintive Stock-Dove tell his am'rous Tale!

No more the Linnet strains his love-swol'n throat,
Nor the Lark's morn Song salutes the ear!
Alas! what hand this sudden change has wrought?
Or charm'd they only with NARCISSA here?

NAR-

NARCISSA, dear lost Partner of my Soul,
 Can'st thou a moment from the World retire,
 Where circling Joys in quick succession roll,
 To hear what Friendship and the Muse inspire?

Oh, yes! attend—unknown to all beside,
 Deep in my Breast my Sorrows lie interr'd;
 Here from too curious eyes my Grievs I hide,
 Suppress their struggles, nor a sigh is heard:

When the Muse to Solitude removes,
 As now, by thoughtful Melancholy led;
 To tell the feather'd Tenants of the groves
 That Peace, and Rest, and my NARCISSA's fled.

When the Moon shines forth with silver ray,
 Oft am I found in Contemplation's bow'r;
 As beneath those rev'rend Elms I stray,
 Mem'ry recalls past scenes of pleasure o'er.

Whose sparkling wit can now like her's disarm
 Pain of it's sting, or sooth Affliction's moan?
 Whose voice like her's my ravish'd ears can charm
 For Mirth and Harmony with her are flown.

Of has the day stol'n unperceiv'd away,
 Rehearsing schemes our tender childhood plan'd,
 When shapeless Reason yet in embryo lay,
 And Youth and Innocence went hand in hand.

If from the paths of sacred Truth Pd dar'd
 To stray, thy voice my wand'ring steps had stay'd;
 Virtue more fair, more amiable appear'd,
 And Vice yet more deform'd, by thee pourtray'd.

When pois'nous Love inflam'd my tainted veins,
 With lenient precepts 'twas thy pious care
 To calm the tumults of my Soul, and pains
 Thy Beauties caus'd, thy Virtues taught to bear.

Yes, thou could'st pity whilst too long in vain
 The Lover strove his passion to subdue,
 Till Love gave place to Friendship's gentler reign,
 A Friendship tender as my Love was true!

Thus, parch'd beneath their fierce inclement sky,
 Through the long day the swarthy ETHIOPS mourn
 Restless to Caves, or Shades, or Streams they fly,
 But vainly fly—Earth, Air, and Rivers burn;

Till, rob'd in calm serenity, the Moon,
 Reflecting SOL's insufferable ray,
 Sheds her mild influence o'er the burning Zone,
 And night atones for the too sultry day.

Oh could I hope, whilst here thy loss I mourn,
 One thought of STREPHON touch'd thy pitying breast,
 Hush'd be my griefs—let Fortune with her scorn
 Pursue me still, I must be more than blest.

Hence then my Cares—for sure she can't forget
 Our plighted faith; and all our mutual vows;
 No length of time, no distance can abate
 The warmth that in congenial bosoms glows.

Nor think, NARCISSA, that the stroke of death,
 Which parts us here, dissolves the sacred knot;
 That so refin'd sensations with our breath
 Can die, and thou for ever be forgot.

No, these, amidst the wreck, some pow'r shall save,
 When Ruin's plough-share's o'er Creation driv'n;
 The bonds of Amity survive the Grave,
 And kindred souls shall re-unite in Heav'n.

SOLITUDE:

AN

ELEGY.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO PROPOSES
RETIREMENT.

YES, 'tis resolv'd—MONIMIA, we'll retreat
From scenes that can no longer bribe our stay;
Quit the vain World, and to the meanly Great
Leave Pomp, dull Pleasures to the madly Gay.

O early wise! can't thou whom crowds admire,
Those crowds forsake, to Fame, to Beauty lost?
What Merit's mine, who from the World retire,
Yet carry with me more than Worlds can boast?

In thought, the sweet romantic Scene I've form'd,
 By waving woods inclos'd, and tow'ring hills;
 Serene and still—save where the ear is charm'd
 By feather'd warblers, or the gurgling rills.

Along the crooked vale the rivulet glides
 In wanton mazes, whence the od'rous flow'rs
 Drink Life, that paint with various hue it's sides;
 The pleasing task of many happy hours!

Here, from the reach of giddy Fortune plac'd,
 Th' Oppressor's injuries, and the Tyrant's wrath,
 Unseen, unknown, we'll live ignobly blest,
 And steal in peace through Virtue's private path.

No thirst of Lucre, no Ambition here,
 Enjoying all, can haunt our Solitude;
 Nor Envy, Malice, Hate, or Treachery e'er,
 To stain the current of our joys, intrude.

Here, when the ruddy East proclaims the day,
 And to the Throne of Heav'n Creation pays
 Due adoration; arm in arm we'll stray,
 And grateful join the universal Praise.

Or when at noon, to shun the sultry rays,
 We seek the cooling grotto, or reclin'd
 Beside some fountain's shadowy banks, retrace
 Those scenes of folly we have left behind:

In Youth, through Expectation's microscope,
 Swol'n to gigantic size Life's joys we view,
 And with impatience fir'd, and eager hope,
 We press the bright delusions to pursue:

But when, in years maturer, we approach,
 And grave Restraints no more controul us, here,
 Like the fam'd Plant, they shrink beneath our touch,
 Or, as a dream, dissolve in empty air.

In vain our fond credulity to some
 More distant period shifts the promis'd good;
 The wily phantoms, wheresoe'er we come,
 Fly with like haste, and still our grasp elude.

Admit delights more rational and true;
 The Parent's joys, the bliss of souls ally'd
 By Love, or Friendship—these how very few
 Know to pursue! how easy, gain'd, destroy'd!

If

If foul Detraction spread her noxious blast;

Love, Peace, and Joy are fled—and present pain

Receives increase from thoughts of pleasures past :

The greatest enemy to Man—is Man.

What anxious cares surround the Marriage-bed !

What racking jealousies, what frequent strife !

Why tears yon frantic Sire his hoary head,

Upbraiding Heav'n that gave his offspring life ?

See where to mark it's slow departing breath,

O'er her sick Babe the tender Parent hangs ;

In vain I late EUGENIO clasp'd, whilst death

The fabric storm'd with strong convulsive pangs.

Say then is Happiness an empty name ?

Imagination can expatiate wide,

And more exalted schemes of bliss can frame

Than ever were or can be here enjoy'd.

Can the great Source of Truth deceive ? Has Heav'n

Desires implanted but to be denied ?

Of Happiness such high conceptions giv'n,

It meant not ever should be gratified ?

Sure

Sure proof the immaterial soul survives
 It's parting from this perishable clay ;
 And, barr'd from these enjoyments here, receives
 Their full completion in the realms of day.

THE
HERON:
A FABLE FOR YOUNG MAIDS.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

YE Nymphs of Beauty vain, attend,
For you the Muse her Tale has penn'd.

A HERON stately, tall, and proud,
Upon a river's margin stood;
The wind was still, the water clear,
And Pike and Carp were sporting near,
So carelessly, he need but stoop
And snap the glitt'ring captives up.
"No, no, my stomach's not so sharp,"
Quoth he, "to set my mouth to Carp:
"I'll wait for something better yet
"Before I condescend to eat."

In little time his stomach came
Again, and Long-shanks to the stream;

No

No Pike or Carp — some Tēnch appear'd;

But could not tempt our dainty bird.

"Tēnch? Lord! who'd bear such nauseous food!

"For ever grov'ling in the mud!

"Phoh! I detest the stinking carrion!

"What, Tēnch a dinner for a HERON?

When next the margin he approaches,

Behold, his Tēnch are chang'd to Roaches.

"O yes," our HERON cries, "'tis like,

"I, who have scorn'd Tēnch, Carp, and Pike,

"Should so demean myself, as touch,

"However hunger-pinch'd, a Roach."

Meantime away the Roaches swam,

And in their room some Bleaks there came.

"What, foul my beak with such as you!

"From bad to worse will never do"—

Before his vain harangue was done,

The Bleaks, like those before, were gone,

'Till, bilk'd of ev'ry kind of Fish,

'Twas vain to watch, in vain to wish

For

For ev'n the worst he had refus'd;
 Poor Dainty-Chops was now reduc'd
 Within a filthy ditch to grope,
 And fill with humble Snails his crop.

WOMEN AND A SECRET:

A F A B L E.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

WHATE'ER a Woman's ears receive,
Runs out again as through a sieve :
How strange it is, she must disclose
Each trivial circumstance she knows !
Were some of them to — I'll uphold it,
They'd not be easy till they'd told it.

In this to prove his Wife's discretion,
A Husband once a scheme agrees on :
In bed, at dead of night, the latter
Cries out — “ For G—d's sake ! what's the matter ?
“ I shall — I must — Oh ! — Heigh, o' Plague !
“ What's this ? By Heav'n I've laid an Egg.”
“ An Egg ? ” “ Look here, 'tis, I'll assure ye,
“ But keep it secret, I conjure ye :
“ Be snug, God bless your soul, the men
“ Will call me else, my dear, a Hen.”

His

His Wife protests, with many vi'lent
 Denunciations, to be silent;
 And, do her justice, kept her vow
 Till she — found some to tell it to.
 So soon as e'er the morning rose,
 She softly steals from bed, and goes
 To Goody PRATE-APACE her neighbour,
 Tells her — her spouse had been in labour,
 “ And, sure as you're alive, has laid
 “ An Egg as big as half my head,
 “ I'm well convinc'd I may rely
 “ Upon your Taciturnity;
 “ But as you prize my welfare, mind
 “ Left it by any means get wind:
 “ My Peace, my Life, my All's at stake,
 “ Lord, what a noise our JOHN would make!”
 ‘ You cannot doubt me; be assur'd
 ‘ I'll never say a single word,’
 The dame rejoin'd; but ev'ry second
 A Summer's day, or longer, reckon'd,
 Until the other disappear'd,
 With egg herself with what she'd heard:
 Then rambles half the parish o'er,
 And multiplies the Egg by four;

But

But from each one exacts an oath
 It never shall escape her mouth.
 From ear to ear the story passes,
 And in its passage still increases ;
 As, from some mountain's top, a ball
 Of snow, by Travellers let fall ;
 That ere the Sun at night went down,
 'Twas public talk, and 'stead of one,
 Due thanks to Fame and their intrigues,
 The Man had laid an hundred Eggs.
 Some, from this strange phenomenon,
 Presag'd misfortune to the town,
 The fall of States, the death of Kings,
 And many more surprising things.

TO THE
REV. MR. WHEELDON.

Ecce nocet vati Musa.

MART.

WITH some concern I've seen my friend
The trifles which I write commend,—

"Concern?" Yes, Sir, Concern, lest you
Should be induc'd to scribble too;

* A thousand and ten thousand curses

Pursue the man who first made Verses!

Who dar'd, audacious wretch! confine
Sense in the limits of a line;

With syllables to fetter Reason,

And cast her into Rhyme's straight prison.

If once th' infection's caught, you'll find

This Cacoethes of the Mind,

* Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée

Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,

Et donnant a ses mots un etroit prison,

Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison.

BOILEAU, Sat. 2.

K

Like

Like any other bad disease,
 Can't be got rid of when you please.
 When Fancy's dull, and Verse draws hard,
 How many times have I declar'd
 I'd give all thoughts of writing o'er,
 And ne'er set pen to paper more ?
 But act, as angry lovers use,
 Who leave their Nymphs as I my Muse ;
 A smile restores the jilt to favour ;
 A rhyme makes me as bad as ever.
 Experience dictates what I write,
 Then let my councils have their weight.
 * No mortal between earth and sky
 Liv'd a more happy life than I,
 Till robb'd of all by Poetry.
 No fears I knew, no cares I had,
 From morn to night I laugh'd and play'd ;

* Sans ce metier, fatal au repos de ma vie,
 Mes jours pleins de loisir couleroient sans envie,
 Je n'aurois qu'a chanter, rire, boire d'autant ;
 Et comme un gras chanoine, a mon aise, et content,
 Passer tranquillement, sans souci, sans affaire,
 La nuit a bien dormir, et le jour a rien faire.

BOILEAU, Sat.

Was merry still when ev'ning came,
 And morning found me just the same.
 But now, say, gracious Pow'rs, what crime
 Call'd down the curse? I needs must rhyme.

As when the Father of mankind
 Tasted forbidden fruit and sinn'd,
 Their charge the Guardian Angels left,
 Of Truth and Innocence bereft:

So now soft Peace, and Joy, who both
 Had been the Guardians of my Youth,
 Withdrew, and left me from that day
 To Verse and Discontent a prey.

The painted lawn, or scented field,
 No more their wonted pleasures yield;
 Joyless I roam, and all the time
 Am ransacking the scene for rhyme;
 And ev'ry thing I round me see
 Am tort'ring for a simile.—

And what with all this pain, and trouble,
 Would you acquire? "Fame"—Empty Bubble!
 Nor will this boasted Fame be found
 Until you're six foot under ground.

“ * EV’n BUTLER, now the boast of Fame,
 “ And POPE, a yet more sacred name,
 “ After a life of toils endur’d,
 “ Falsè zeal expos’d, true wit secur’d,
 “ Dropt, with a sigh, their pens, to find
 “ Th’ unwilling praise of base mankind.”
 Like labourers with weeding hooks,
 Critics examine modern books ;
 These errors, as they weeds, select,
 These beauties, as they corn, neglect,
 Whilst green, and both unheeded go
 Until the root is dead below.

True—we’re of many wonders told
 Perform’d by mighty Verse of old,
 Of savage beasts made tame, and towns
 Built, without other aid, of stones
 Which strong-back’d numbers haul’d together ;
 Yet much I doubt the truth of either ;
 The ancients, ev’ry blockhead knows,
 Dealt largely in the marvellous,
 And if a man did but make water,
 They’d feign some prodigy in nature :

* Parodied from Mr. POPE.

Now

Now these wild-beasts, I warrant, Sirs,
 Were but a pack of village curs,
 Who, frightened at the noise they heard,
 Came yelping round the clam'rous Bard :
 And often at S—t J—s we've seen,
 Some wretch, fir'd with PIERIAN gin,
 To a surrounding mob repeating
 Harsh scraps of mingled Greek and Latin ;
 Till, weary'd out, th' audacious rebels
 Repress his roar with show'rs of pebbles.

“ Verse gives us merit with the fair—”
 Ah ! 'pon my life, you've hit it there ;
 To cut for patterns or thread-papers,
 They'll serve, but reading brings the vapours.
 When ANNA fill'd the British throne,
 Your Poets were esteem'd alone ;
 Consider'd men of vast importance,
 And might command our greatest fortunes :
 How chang'd ! 'tis now a sin to rhyme,
 And common sense almost a crime ;
 Whilst Beauty, deaf to jingling Verse,
 Melts at the jingling of a purse :

* No more our youth their brains perplex
 With feuds of Trojans and of Greeks ;
 Nor TULLY, nor the STAGYRITE
 Instruct us how to reckon right ;
 These arts, of far more import now,
 COCKER and FENNING better show.
 Suppose an hundred pounds are lent
 For eighteen months at six per cent.
 How much is th' int'rest ? " How much ! Nine"—
 If for two years ?—" Twelve"—Go, you'll shine.

* Romani pueri longis rationibus affem
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
 Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superet ? Poterat dixisse, triens. Eu,
 Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia ; quid fit ?
 Semis.

HOR.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

T O T H E

R E V. M R. W H E E L D O N.

----- Sudent multum, frustra que laboret

Aufus idem -----

HOR. de Arte Poet.

WELL! I no longer will dispute,
Write, o'God's name, I give it out;

Since no intreaties can dissuade,

But deaf to ev'ry thing I've said,

My friend will yet persist—I've done——

Now let's know what you'll write upon;

For, troth! materials are so few,

You will not, without much-ado,

Erect a building on Parnassus

Fit to receive or hogs or asses,

Unless you've impudence enough

To build with other people's stuff——

K 4

You

You smile, dear Sir, yet this in fact is
 What many modern authors practise;
 Who range the consecrated ground
 To see what may be stol'n, not found;
 Chipping the Ancients' piles of stone,
 And all they can get off's their own;
 Then may you see them, bent beneath
 What was not proof against their teeth,
 Returning, as at twelve o'clock,
 You've seen the Men from Chatham Dock;
 Or like the Hornet troop that seize
 The labours of th' industrious Bees.

'Tis thus with most—but come—I'll grant
 Your fertile Brain can never want

Sufficient matter for your pen;

Wit, Sense, and Rhyme at will—What then?

“What then! Who but indignant burns

“Whilst in disgrace the Patriot mourns,

“Whose skilful hand, when none else dar'd

“Approach the helm, our vessel steer'd;

“At length, the per'lous storm outrode,

“Behold him, to whose care we ow'd

“Our safety, with rude slights repaid,

“Whilst, like th'Athenian Chief, he pray'd

“That

" That Britain"—Soft, don't risque your ears
 By harping upon State Affairs ;
 Besides, 'tis vain, the torrent wou'd
 Roar but the louder, if withstood :
 Asses, my friend, with safety tread
 The Lion's mangled corpse, when dead :
 Then peaceably let L * * * bray,
 In spiteful triumph, o'er his prey.
 If your ambitious Muse prefer
 The Court, what Prudence dictates, hear ;
 Praise all in place, defame who're out —
Ever i' an orchard send your fruit.—

" Gods ! I detest such sordid views !
 " No, rather let my honest Muse
 " In private Virtue's cause stand forth,
 " And tell the world HONORIO's worth.
 " Shall LAURA generous, fair, and good,
 " Sunk in injurious Solitude,
 " Her bounties, like the silent dews
 " That steal by night from Heav'n, diffuse,
 " And none be found?"—They'd never bear it ;
 Who merit Praise are pain'd to hear it :

If

If by these means you would succeed,
 Give liberally to those who need ;
 Infuse in C*** a gen'rous soul,
 And P***'s piety extol ;
 Let modesty be T***'s share ;
 Paint B**** candid, J** sincere ;
 Bestow on R**** courage, truth
 On S*****, on M*** both,
 Nor scruple to let B**** vie
 With B*LL for hospitality.
 Go, cringe to pride, carefs the vile,
 And Fortune shall reward your toil :
 Seeds, on rank dunghills sown, will shoot
 More vig'rous, soonest yield their fruit.

" Well, Panegyric I disclaim,
 " To root out Vice be then my aim,
 " And Folly lash with biting Satire."
 Satire! indeed this mends the matter!
 You might as well attempt by verse
 To stop the seven-stream'd Danube's course;
 T' appease the mad'ning storm expect,
 Or teach the beasts to walk erect.

Say,

Say, did LUCILIUS, who th' attack
 Began, one convert ever make?
 Had Rome one soul reform'd by ought
 That JUVENAL or HORACE wrote?
 Spite of what BOILEAU could advance,
 Are there less fools or knaves in France?
 POPE Pride and Ign'rance scourg'd in vain,
 And YOUNG " hears Virtue still complain."
 So you, your fury spent, believe it,
 Just as you found the world will leave it.
 Go bid the grov'ling frogs forsake,
 For purer springs, their filthy lake;
 Or, where the wasps their nest have made,
 To preach amendment thrust your head.

For Heav'n's sake then be warn'd in time,
 And never dare aspire to Rhyme;
 Should leisure cloy, and time hang heavy,
 When from Amo, Amas, Amavi,
 And grinding Gerunds you withdraw,
 And quit the rod and clapper-claw;
 If ev'ry other method fails,
 Why, sit ye down, and pick your nails:

Or

Or get to marbles with your boys,
 Trundle a hoop, or make dirt-pies ;
 Or, 'gainst the harmless gnats and flies,
 Like Rome's brave Emperor, vent your spite ;
 In short, do any thing — but write.

}

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO

CLARISSA, at *****.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi quem tibi

Finem Dii dederint, LEUCONOR,-----

----- Carpe Diem,

HOR.

“ **A** H me ! what perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold iron.”

Thus sung the Bard, though more, I think,

Wait him who handles Pen and Ink :

Yet see, CLARISSA, nought deters

My too-presumptuous hand from Verse ;

Again I rashly ope the standish,

Again the dang'rous weapon brandish,

And, by mad thirst of Fame impell'd,

Again I seek APOLLO's Field.

What few would dare t'attempt, your Praise,

My ambitious Muse to win assays :

But

But lest repuls'd, you sternly frown,
 And blast the little wreaths I've won,
 'Twere requisite, ere I begin,
 To know what humour you are in,
 Chearful or serious, and to suit
 With proper care, my subject to't :
 When gay, how out of season come,
 Epistles a-la-mode d'Hum-drum !
 Black catalogues of human Vices,
 Remonstrances, and stale advices,
 Tearing our nearest friends to pieces !
 Which you with hasty eye dispatch,
 And with the Writer with Old-Scratch ;
 Exclaiming 'gainst—" Such stupid nonsense !
 " Besides the clock has struck six long since ;
 " The Coachman with impatience waits,
 " We certainly shall lose our seats."
 And thus you fly from Verse and Me,
 To Capitana and Rogee.
 Or think you when your Ladyship
 Is troubled with the Spleen or Hyp,
 Your gravity would suffer then
 The livelier sallies of my Pen :—

" I can't

“ I can’t imagine what’s the matter,
“ But faith, some folks grow vastly fat here —
“ Miss S——H and J——r last night late,
“ Were seen together *tête à tête* —
“ Well, here has been the Devil to do
“ ’Twixt Captain R——s, and you know who” —

Then say on what shall I determine ?

An idle Story or a Sermon ?

Does Mirth your jocund hours employ,

Keen Wit, or poignant Raillery ?

Or are you from the World elop’d,

Your head upon your elbow propt,

Your former life with care reviewing,

And planning schemes for years ensuing ?

Hear and believe a Bard, to Bliss

I teach a ready road — ’tis this —

Lay hold upon the present hour,

And haste t’ enjoy what’s in your pow’r ;

Seize transient pleasures as they come,

Nor e’er enquire To-morrow’s doom.

For why, my Dear, should this concern

To-day, that never must return ?

Who

Who would anticipate an ill,
 Which, tho' foreknown, will find us still?
 Or who repine at ign'rance ever?
 Since Expectation, sly deceiver,
 If e'er she knows what good awaits,
 Foreruns and rifles all its sweets.
 When J***^{SH}, with augur skill endu'd,
 Who ev'ry purpose understood
 Of Fortune, like her priest, took up,
 First smear'd with snuff, the mystic cup;
 How have I seen your countenance
 Turn with the various turns of Chance!
 Whilst he her dark designs unroll'd,
 And good or bad events foretold.—
 Now twenty suitors, and now scarce one,
 Now Lords, and now the hobbling Parson;
 "Prodigious! here's a long epistle!"
 "Ah! that I'm certain's from E—TW—STLE!"
 "So, Ma'am, you'll shortly go a journey,
 "And fall in love with one who'll scorn ye."

Too anxious to inspect the book
 Of Fate, we often overlook

Delights

Delights this minute might command,
 Which seem to court our ling'ring hand ;
 And, for uncertainties, one loses
 Enjoyments right before our noses :
 Thus Misers starve 'midst wealth they can't
 Enjoy for fear of future want ;
 Regardless of the heaps they've gain'd,
 But what remains still un-attain'd.

See MEGRIM with a competence
 Of wealth and ease, of health and sense,
 Repining still—what would content him ?
 " Just this and that"—'Tis done—they're sent him—
 Well, now he's happier sure ?—No more
 Than Misers by th' increase of ore ;
 Their wishes with their gains increase,
 And Discontent with his keeps pace ;
 Points out a-new some fancy'd ill,
 Or whispers something wanting still.
 'Tis Happiness we all pursue,
 And though attain'd by very few,
 Th' whole art may be reduc'd to this
 Single and clear hypothesis :

L

Do

—Do we no more than's needful crave
 And make the most of what we have?—
 'Tis not—Yet precepts will avail
 But little—Muse, we'll tell a Tale:

* A Favourite thus King PYRRHUS question'd ;
 " Where, Sir, are all these forces destin'd ?
 " These vessels that the ocean hide ?
 " And troops that with impatience chide
 " The lazy winds ?"— ' Who does not know,'
 The Prince reply'd, ' 'gainst Rome we go ?'
 " A noble Enterprize, I own,
 " And worthy you, or PHILIP's son :
 " What shall we do when Rome is ours ?"
 ' All Italy comes in of course.'—
 " Well ! they're subdu'd"— ' With factions vex'd,
 ' We may attempt Sicilia next ;
 ' Ere long you'll see, I'll answer for't,
 ' Our ships in Syracusa's port.'
 " And is this all ?"— ' If a fair wind
 ' Should favour us,' the King rejoin'd,
 ' How soon we might at Carthage land !
 ' AGATHOCLES'—" I understand ;

• PLUTARCH in Vita Pyrrhi.

" Thus

" Thus over Libya's sands you'd run,
" T' erect beneath the Line your throne ;
" Thence ev'ry nation make your slaves
" To where the Ganges rolls his waves ;
" Till distant Scythians learn to fear us,
" And tremble at the name of PYRRHUS :
" What then ?"—' With Mirth and Vict'ry crown'd,
" We'll laugh and sing the hours around.'
" Good Gods ! What hinders now, O King,
" But that at ease we laugh and sing ?"
What fool would till to-morrow stay,
That might be happy ev'n to-day ?

L 2

AN

A N

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF POMPEY:

A FAVOURITE DOG BELONGING TO CAPT. HARRISON.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHNSON.

WHILST venal Hirelings prostitute their lays,
And o'er the dust of titled Greatness mourn;
Whilst Sculpture's mercenary hand pourtrays
Deeds unatchiev'd upon th' indignant urn;

Shall modest worth, in endless night to rot,
Unnotic'd sink to the devouring Grave,
And not a Stone where POMPEY lies denote?
No Verse his merits from oblivion save?

Forbid it Gratitude!—No, SUSAN haste,
Though from the Kitchen-fire with kicks and blows
Thou oft hast POMPEY driv'n, when in thy breast,
With tears repented now, fierce Cholera rose:

Haste,

Haste, SUSAN ! o'er his mould'ring carcase rear
 The pious Stone, and whilst thou shalt recount
 His matchless Virtues, mixt with many a tear,
 Myself, too weeping, will inscribe them on't.

Oh ! may the gay, too sprightly LAURA, mov'd
 By the recital of our artless tale,
 Lament him dead, whom whilst in life she lov'd,
 For not unlov'd of LAURA, POMPEY fell.

Of't has she seen when JOHN, oppress'd with sloth,
 Constrain'd poor POMP' the cumb'rous load to drag ;
 Or, trotting by her side, has in his mouth
 Borne the work-basket, or her knotting-bag.

SUSAN begin—Beneath his guard we've slept
 By midnight thieves and murd'ers undisturb'd ;
 His clamours suffer'd none t' approach, except
 Our favourite WILL—his zeal here Prudence curb'd.

When'er our mistress has return'd from BECK'S,*
 With empty'd purse, and breast with anger swol'n ;
 Tir'd with such voles!--such beasts! as saints would vex!--
 How often POMPEY from her side has stol'n !

* Lady President of the Card Assembly.

Then have we heard him, through the gloom of night,
 Bark horrid, to inform us when she's nigh ;
 And thus admonish us at home to quit
 POPE JOAN, or Loo, and counterfeit employ.

Or, when our master travers'd back How-hill,
 POMP ran before, and his approach proclaim'd ;
 And, ere he enter'd the Court-garden, WILL
 Beneath the dresser, or the sink was cram'd.

When Tarts or Custards were devour'd, whene'er
 China was broken, or the Sauces spilt ;
 POMPEY, though innocent, was wont to bear,
 Without repining, the imputed guilt.

Yet nor thy faith, nor services avail'd
 The unrelenting hand of Fate to stay ;
 As all men, soon or late, to death must yield,
 So ev'ry dog, sad truth ! must have his day.

What though no friends in fable vestures clad,
 Dissembling woe, perform'd thy fun'ral rites ;
 What though no gorgeous Monument, to tread
 Around thy Tomb, the curious Sage excites ;

Yet, oft as SUSAN views thy Grave, she'll stop
To tell thy Praises, and with many a thump,
Reclin'd in doleful posture o'er her Mop,
Beating her penfive breast, cry—Here lies POMP !

SENT TO MISS * * * * *

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

AS SOL advances his return
 To flaming CANCER, Mad-men burn
 With stronger fury—thus the case is
 With us who love, a wretched species
 Of Lunatics—when Spring appears,
 And nature her gay livery wears,
 Again we wooe the haughty maid,
 Again we sigh, again run mad :
 Why is't not madness that I love ?
 An hundred times or more I've strove,
 When heavy, dull, and melancholy,
 T' assign a reason for my folly ;
 Consider'd you from head to toe
 Attentively, but yet, I vow,
 I cannot for my life tell whence is
 The pow'r that robb'd me of my senses.

You're very fair—I grant it true,
 But that alone would never do ;

Like

Like DELILAH, you might awhile
 By stratagem my strength beguile,
 But if you did not still take pains
 To add fresh rivets to my chains,
 When left alone, my former force
 Would presently return of course.

Is 't by those anti-gorgon Eyes
 Thus un-restrain'd you tyrannise?
 That dart such fierce contagious fire,
 And melt my soul to soft desire—
 No—for those looks of cold disdain
 Would freeze me into life again.

It cannot be your sprightly Wit,
 I'm sure, that holds my fetters tight,
 Which would, were they not very tough,
 Like aquafortis, gnaw them off;
 This dangerous instrument demands,
 To use it, very skilful hands;
 For who can wound, yet all the while
 Make the poor suffering patient smile?
 Oft have I felt its poignancy,
 As oft resolv'd on Liberty,

But

But soon as e'er the pain is o'er,
I'm just the fool I was before.

Am I a dupe to Pride ? or rather
Enslav'd by Prudence ?—No, 'tis neither
The one nor t' other, yet in troth
It very much resembles both.
In short 'tis what I can't express ;
Indifference ?—No, 'tis more or less,
'Tis something, tho' I cannot name 't,
Between Good-nature and Contempt,
By which you soothe my wounded heart,
And, though you cure not, ease it's smart ;
Make bondage so enchanting prove,
Th' alternative is—Death or Love.

The Goldfinch thus, that us'd to hop
At will from tree to tree—no, stop—
I've found, methinks, another creature
That hits our case a vast deal better :
Your Monkey perch'd on yon settee
Will suit our purpose to a T ;
For Pug in many things discovers
A familiarity to lovers :

When

When first the little wretch was caught,
 And to his lovely mistress brought,
 Sullen he pin'd, refus'd all food,
 And figh'd to gain his native wood :
 Till, won by time and gentle treatment,
 His grief receiv'd some small abatement ;
 Each day advanc'd the Cure, till Pug
 Has learn'd at length his chains to hug ;
 Bondage no more his stomach pricks,
 But pleas'd he acts his Apish-tricks ;
 And though his Liberty you'd give,
 He cannot now be free and live.

(156)

PART OF THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE,
IMITATED.

TO MR. WILLIAM ISAACSON.

Qui fit, MÆCENAS, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illā
Contentus vivat ? &c.

LOOK round the world, and view mankind,
The married part I mean, you'll find
All ranks of men, my friend, complain,
And Discontent the gen'ral strain :
If wit, or wealth, a parent's voice,
Or beauty influenc'd their choice,
Grief and remorse their hours infest,
They rail at Heav'n, and curse the Priest,
Whose hands a Gordian-knot have ty'd,
Death's faulchion only can divide.

Each,

Each, ere the honey-moon has wan'd,
 Wishes his liberty regain'd;
 Or, might he loose the marriage fetter,
 And choose again, he could do better.

My Lord, who with returning morn
 Beholds her Ladyship's return,
 Extoll's the Cit's domestic mate,
 And envies his more tranquil state.

This mourns his wife's eternal 'larum,
 For ever loud, for ever near him—
 " The house is never still a minute,
 " And whilst she's nigh, no comfort in it."

AVARO sees, with wrinkled face,
 The vast amount of Lawns and Lace,
 Or costly articles that fill,
 To vast amount, the Mercer's Bill.

The Country 'Squire, who with his steers,
 In Smithfield, once a year appears,
 Prefers the gay-drest Belles of town,
 To's homely dame, and russet gown.

In

In short, to hear all their complaints,
 Would vex the meekest of the saints ;
 Then, lest you think me long, suppose
 By the consent of either house,
 That it should pass into an act,
 His Majesty were pleas'd t'enact,
 That any man might change his Wife,
 Or lead again a Single Life.
 Come on then, discontented Sirs !
 Heigh-day !—What now ?—Not one soul stirs ;
 Nor will, although the law allows
 Any to change, or quit his spouse,
 Forsake the Partner of his Bed,
 Or take an H*** in her stead.
 Ye abject self-tormenting crew !
 What hinders but, as is your due,
 Each Wife, whom thus her husband scorns,
 Clap on his front a Pair of Horns ?
 And by this merited resentment
 Teach ye the doctrine of Contentment ?

S O N G:

S O N G.

WHEN within some Rival's arms,
 Flying me, CLEORA's preſt,
 What piercing jealousy alarms
 My ſoul ! what tumults rack my breaſt !

Yet, in ſpite of her diſdain,
 Still I feel her pow'r increaſe ;
 Nor, whate'er I ſuffer, can
 Love the dear diſturber leſs.

Thus, when loud the tempeſt roars,
 And rough winds the ſeas deform,
 The pious mariner adores
 The hand that wrought, and guides the ſtorm.

W R O T E

WROTE IN

MISS B * * * T * * * 's FAN.

LEST the Sun's too potent light
Should offend our feeble fight,
Often friendly clouds arise,
To veil the orb from human eyes.

So, beneath this painted screen,
MIRA sometimes lurks unseen,
Left we should approach too nigh,
Rashly gaze, and gazing die.

True, this may indeed suffice
To hide the lustre of her Eyes ;
But, hapless swains ! what shall we find
To veil the beauties of her Mind ?

HORACE,

HORACE, EPIST. VIII. BOOK I.

GO, Muse, and give ACASTO joy
Of his new Patron, and Employ :

If what I do he seeks to know,
Say—Much I threaten, nothing do :
Tell him a life, nor as I ought,
Nor as I'd choose, I pass—yet not
Because bleak winds my vines have kill'd,
Or raging SIRIUS parch'd my field ;
But that my Body's health I find
Much less disorder'd than my Mind ;
Yet will I no advice receive,
Nor hear what might my pains relieve.
I quarrel with my nearest friends ;
Their Zeal for my Repose offends ;
Things I know hurtful, I pursue,
And what might profit me, eschew ;
In towns I praise my Lodge, and here,
The pleasures of the Town prefer.
Then how he likes the Court, enquire,
And, in his ear, when you retire,
Whisper—As you bear Fortune, so,
ACASTO, will your Friends bear you.

M

OENONE

OENONE PARIDI.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Cum Hecuba, Cissei filiâ, et Priami uxor, gravida esset, ardentem se parere facem, qua omnis inflammaretur Troja, somniavit. Territus itaque Priamus oraculum consuluit : à quo cum responsum accepisset, filium ipsi fore, qui patriæ exitium afferret, partum, quam primum ederetur, interfici jussit. Hecuba vero, cum puerum, qui postea Paris dictus est, peperisset, materna pietate mota, pastoribus regiis eundem clam alendum mandavit. Qui, cum jam convaluisset, OEnonen Nympham adamavit, eamque, ut nonnullis placet, uxorem duxit. Sed cum Juno, Pallas, et Venus de pulchritudine contenderent, propter aureum pomum, in quo scriptum legebatur, Detur pulchriori, à Jove ad Paridem arbitrum remissæ sunt : qui, cum Juno rēgnum, Pallas sapientiam, Venus mulierum pulcherrimam obtulisset, pro Venere sententiam tulit. Postea à patre cognitus Paris, et receptus, Sparten navigavit, Helenamque Menelai uxorem raptam abduxit Trojam. Quo intellecto, OEnone conqueritur hac epistola de ejus perfidia, Helenamque Græcis reddat, suadet.

PERlegis ? An conjux prohibet nova ? perlege : non est
Ista Mycenæa littera facta manu.

Pegasis OEnone, Phrygiis celeberrima sylvis,

Læsa queror de te, si finis ipse, meo.

Quis

CENONE TO PARIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, the wife of Priam, being with child of Paris, dreamed she was delivered of a Firebrand, by which all Troy was burned. Priam, alarmed at this, consulted the Oracle, and received for answer, That he should have a son who would bring destruction upon his country: whereupon he commanded him, as soon as brought forth, to be slain. But Hecuba, out of her maternal tenderness, privately convey'd him to the King's shepherds, to be by them brought up. Here, when grown to man's estate, he fell in love with the nymph OEnone, and, according to some, married her. Afterwards, being acknowledged by his father, he sailed to Sparta, and brought away Helene the wife of Menelaus to Troy: which OEnone hearing, sends him this epistle, upbraiding his infidelity, and advising that Helene should be restored to the Greeks.

IF the new Partner of your bed permit
 To read a Letter from a female writ,
 Fear not to read—no injur'd Greek demands,
 Herein his stolen Consort from your hands;
 CENONE only does her fate deplore,
 And mourns her PARIS, her's, alas! no more.

Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis ?

Ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest ?

Lenitur, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est :

Quæ venit indignæ pœna, dolenda venit.

Nondum tantus eras, cum, te contenta marito,

Edita de magno flumine Nympha fui.

Qui nunc Priamides (adsit reverentia vero)

Servus eras. Servo nubere Nympha tuli.

Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,

Mistaque cum foliis præbuit herba torum.

Sæpe super stramen fœnoque jacentibus alto

Defensa est humili cana pruina casa.

Quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos,

Et tegeret catulos qua fera rupe suos ?

Retia sæpe comes maculis distincta tetendi;

Sæpe citos egi per juga longa canes.]

Incisæ servant à te mea nomina fagi.

Et legor OEnone falce notata tua.

Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt :

Crescite, & in titulos surgite recta meos.

Populus est (memini) fluviali consita ripa,

Est in qua nostri litera scripta memor.

Popule,

No envious Gods were to our loves averse,
 No Crime of mine could have provok'd this Curse ;
 Ills we have merited may be indur'd,
 How hardly those no previous guilt incur'd !
 Here, ignorant of your Birth, not long time since
 You dwelt a Peasant who are now a Prince ;
 Yet, whilst an humble Swain, with you content
 I liv'd unmindful of my high descent :
 How oft amidst the flocks secure we've laid,
 The skies our cov'ring, leaves and flow'rs our bed !
 Or in some clay-built cottage, by thy side,
 The boisterous winds, and pattering storm enjoy'd :
 When to the Chace you went, I also rose,
 And shew'd what haunts the wily savage chose ;
 Companion of thy toil the nets prepar'd,
 Or o'er the rocks the fainting Dogs I chear'd.

Along the plain, amidst fair IDA's Groves
 No Beach but bears the records of our Loves ;
 Still, as the wounded trunks the letters swell,
 My Truth and thine Ingratitude to tell.
 Close by the margin of Old Xanthus stood
 A lofty Poplar, nodding o'er the flood ;

M 3

There

Popule, vive precor, quæ confita margine ripæ,

Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:

Cum Paris OEnonè poterit spirare relicta,

Ad frontem Xanthe versa recurrit aqua.

Xanthe, retro propera; versæque recurrite lymphæ,

Sustinet OEnonèn deseruisse Paris.

Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi dixit: ab illa

Pessima mutati cœpit amoris hyems:

Qua Venus & Juno, sumptisque decentior armis

Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.

Attoniti micuere sinus, gelidusque cucurrit,

Ut mihi narraſti, dura per ossa tremor.

Consului (neque enim modice terrebar) anusque,

Longævosque fenes: constitit esse nefas.

Cæsa abies, sectæque trabes, &, classe parata,

Cærulea ceratas accipit unda rates.

Flesti discedens: hoc saltem parce negare.

Præterito magis est iste pudendus amor.

Et fleſti, & nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.

Miscuimus lacrymas mœſtus interque suas.

Non

There may it long, ye gracious Powers ! stand,
 Long keep these Lines engrav'd by his false hand :
If PARIS ever his CENONE wrong,
Let Xanthus' streams flow back to whence they sprung.
 Flow back, ye Waters ! to your Fountains run,
 For perjurd PARIS from CENONE's flown.

Curst be that fatal Day, my ready fear
 Presag'd those Ills I since have suffer'd near,
 When JUNO, PALLAS, and the CYPRIAN Dame
 In naked majesty before you came ;
 Their secret Charms submitted to your eyes,
 And chose you Umpire of the golden Prize.
 Whilst, faultless yet, th' amazing tale you spoke,
 My spirits sunk, the blood my veins forsook ;
 Damp Horror shook my frame, and scarcely cou'd
 My tott'ring feet sustain their lifeless load.
 To aged Hags, and Sorcerers I flew,
 Who all pronounc'd my dire forebodings true.
 Down from the Mountain's top vast Pines were fell'd,
 And soon afloat your Vessels I beheld.
 You wept—Yes, do not blush those tears to own,
 But for the impious joys you since have known :

Non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,

Ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.

Ah ! quoties, cum te vento quererere teneri,

Riserunt comites ! ille secundus erat.

Oscula dimissa quoties repitita dedisti !

Quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua, *Vale !*

Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo

Suscitat ; et remis eruta canet aqua.

Prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,

Qua licet ; et lacrymis humet arena meis.

Utque celer venias, virides Nereïdas oro.

Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.

Votis ergo meis, alii rediture, redisti ?

Hei mihi, pro dira pellice blanda fui ;

Aspicit

Vines round their parent Elms don't cloſer wind,
 Than round my Neck were thoſe dear Arms entwin'd;
 And thus in ſpeechleſs agony both flood,
 From both faſt flow'd the Tears one common flood.
 How oft th' impatient Mariners would ſmile
 Whiſt you with feign'd delays their haſte beguile!
 The ſea diſturb'd with angry ſtorms pretend,
 Whiſt in our breſts alone the tempeſt reign'd!
 When parted, ſad, and ſlowly you withdrew,
 Oft to my Arms again you ſoft'ning flew,
 And ſcarce your fault'ring tongue pronounc'd a laſt
 Adieu.

Now a freſh gale from ſhore your veſſel bears,
 And white with laſhing oars the ſea appears;
 Still do my eyes your leſ'ning ſails purſue,
 And briny tears the barren ſands bedew:
 The Gods who rule the Ocean I ador'd,
 And for thy quick return my Pray'rs prefer'd;
 The cruel Gods my raſh petitions hear,
 And, to complete my miſery, grant my pray'r:
 Safe from the dangers of the faithleſs ſea
 They brought you back, but not, alas! for me.
 A ſhameleſs Strumpet their indulgence ſhares,
 The Curſe my portion, and the Bleſſing her's.

Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum ;

Mons fuit : æquoreis illa resistet aquis.

Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ :

Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.

Dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora.

Pertimui : cultus non erat ille tuus.

Fit propior, terrasque cita ratis attigit aura :

Fœmineas vidi corde tremente genas.

Non satis id fuerat (quid enim furiosa morabar ?)

Hærebat gremio turpis amica tuo.

Tunc vero rupique sinus, & pectora planxi,

Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas :

Implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden.

Illinc has lacrymas in mea saxa tuli.

Sic

A rock there stands, whose top o'erlooks the main,
 Its stubborn sides the surges lash in vain ;
 This was I wont at dawn and close of day
 To ascend, and all the boundless deep survey.
 Here, when my pious hands to Heav'n were rear'd,
 My eyes to where your ships had disappear'd,
 Your well-known ensigns from afar I spy'd,
 And, Now he comes, my PARIS comes ! I cry'd.
 Scarce I refrain'd from plunging in the sea,
 To enforce your speed, and meet you on the way.
 Whilst yet uncertain on the shore I staid,
 One I beheld in shining purple clad ;
 Not such the garments you were wont to wear ;
 Th' unusual sight inspir'd unusual fear.
 At length, as nearer land your vessels draw,
 A sprightly Female by your side I saw,
 Nay more (but needed there yet more ?) her Head
 Upon your Bosom am'rously was laid !
 In all the agony of wild despair,
 I beat my breast, and furious tore my hair ;
 With piteous moans the distant shores I fill'd,
 Back, with my cries alarm'd, the trembling waves
 recoil'd :

Then

Sic Helene doleat, desertaque conjuge ploret;

Quæque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat.

Nunc tibi conveniunt, quæ te per aperta sequantur

Æquora, legitimos destituantque viros.

At cum pauper eras, armentaque pastor agebas,

Nulla, nisi OEnone, pauperis uxor erat.

Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit,

Nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus.

Non tamen ut Priamus Nymphæ socer esse recuset;

Aut Hecubæ fuerim dissimulanda nurus.

Dignaque sum, & cupio fieri matrona potentis.

Sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrâ decere, manus.

Nec me, faginea quod tecum fronde jacebam,

Despice : purpureo sum magis apta toro.

Denique

Then to those solitary shades I flew,
 Where far, far happier days we'd known, ere you
 From Truth, and Innocence, and Me withdrew. }

May HELENE feel the woes I suffer now,
 And pangs she's caus'd herself experience too !

Now venal Harlots fly to climes unknown,
 Their Lords forsook, with mighty PRIAM's son ;

But when he fed on IDA's plains his flock,

ÆNONE to her arms the Shepherd took ;

No sordid views could then that passion move,

Those soft sensations spring from nought but Love ;

Ambition never did my breast inflame,

'Tis PARIS' Heart, not PARIS' Wealth I claim ;

Love dreads th' uneasy load of Pomp, and flees

To dwell with Poverty, Content, and Peace.

Yet might not PRIAM be averse to own

ÆNONE for the Consort of his Son ;

Or HECUBA (forgive my pride) ashamed

When 'mongst her many daughters I am nam'd :

Despise me not, because with thee I've laid

On new fall'n leaves beneath the beachen shade ;

I'm not unworthy of a Prince's room,

And well these hands a sceptre might become.

No

Denique, tutus amor meus est tibi : nulla parantur

Bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates.

Tyndaris infestis fugitiva reposcitur armis.

Hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.

Quæ si fit Danaïs reddenda, vel Hæctora fratrem,

Vel cum Deïphobo Polydamanta roga.

Quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse,

Consule ; quis ætas longa magistra fuit.

Turpe rudimentum patriæ præponere raptam.

Causa pudenda tua est ; iusta vir arma movet.

Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Laccenam,

Quæ fit in amplexus tam cito versa tuos.

Ut minor Atrides temerati fœdera lecti

Clamat, et externo læsus amore dolet ;

Tu quoque clamabis.

Nulla

No hostile sounds approach'd, no dire alarms
 Disturb'd thee ever in CENONE's arms ;
 For me no foreign keels the deep had plow'd,
 No warlike Legions stain'd our fields with blood ;
 Whilst Greece combin'd this Fugitive demands
 With pow'rful armies, countless as the sands,
 Sends forth to battle her confederate Kings,
 And Troy's destruction is the dow'r she brings.
 If she should be restor'd, or be retain'd,
 Of HECTOR or DEIPHOBUS demand ;
 Consult ANTENOR, with your Sire advise,
 Whom age and long experience render wise :
 In how unjust, how base a cause you fight !
 Whilst there an husband but defends his right.
 Nor think, too credulous, that she you've won
 So easy, will be true to you alone ;
 If in her face unequal'd charms you find,
 Remember too that others are not blind ;
 Who to your tales a willing ear could lend,
 May to some happier rival's suit attend :
 As in his widow'd bed ATRIDES sleeps,
 As now his Wife's inconstancy he weeps,
 So shall you soon, believe me, in your turn,
 The fickle, false, perfidious HELENE mourn :

Who's

Nulla reparabilis arte

Læsa pudicitia est: deperit illa semel.
Ardet amore tui? sic & Menelaon amavit.

Nunc jacet in viduo credulus ille toro.
Felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito!

Uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui.

Tu levior foliis, tunc, cum, sine pondere succi,

Mobilibus ventis arida facta cadunt.

Et minus est in te quam summa pondus arista,

Quæ levis affiduis solibus usta riget.

Hoc tua (nam recolo) quondam germana canebat,

Sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis:

Quid facis, O Enone? quid arenæ semina mandas?

Non profecturis littera bubus aras.

Graia juvenca venit, quæ te, patriamque, domumque,

Perdat. Io, prohibe; Graia juvenca venit.

Dum licet, obscænam ponto, Di, mergite puppim.

Heu quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vebit!

Dixerat.

Who's once defil'd, must ever so remain ;
 Honour can ne'er admit a second stain ;
 * An island, whose high cliffs if you forsake,
 In vain you'll hope to find a passage back.
 For MENELAUS once, now you she burns ;
 A thousand other flames shall take their turns,
 How blest are HECTOR and his Bride ! We too
 Had been as happy, had you been as true :
 A chaste ANDROMACHE in me you'd seen,
 Had you to me another HECTOR been :
 Oh ! lighter than the shrive'd leaves that fall
 By Autumn thorn, the sport of every gale ;
 More wav'ring than the ripen'd ears of corn,
 That here and there by ev'ry breath are borne.

Your sister (oft I think of it) impell'd
 By sacred fury, thus our fates reveal'd :
*Why, why, OENONE, dost thou blindly sow
 On fruitless sands ? why barren deserts plough ?
 The Grecian Heifer comes, that shall destroy
 Thy labours, thee, old PRIAM's race, and Troy.
 She comes—Ye Gods ! their ship, whilst yet ye may,
 With Ruin fraught, plunge deep into the sea.*

* L'Honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans bords ;
 On n'y peut plus rentrer des qu'on en est dehors.

BOILEAU, Sat. 10.

N

She

Dixerat. In cursu famulae rapuere furentem.

At mihi flavescentes diriguere comae.

Ah nimium vates miserae mihi vera fuisti!

Possidet en saltus illa juvenca meos.

Sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certe est.

Deferuit socios hospite capta Deos.

Illam de patria Theseus (nisi nomine fallor)

Nescio quis Theseus, abstulit ante sua;

A juvene & cupido credatur reddita virgo.

Unde hoc compererim tam bene, quaeris? amo.

Vim licet appelles, & culpam nomine veles;

Quae toties rapta est, praebuit ipsa rapi.

At

Y
I lov
A R
The
Argu
Pleas

She said,—and big with the inspiring God,
 They tore her from me, whilst I trembling stood.
 Too true, prophetic Virgin, you divin'd!
 Too sure those mis'ries you foretold, I find!
 This Grecian Heifer my just rights invades,
 Enjoys my groves, and revels in my meads.

I grant, since you esteem her such, she's fair;
 But say, Does Beauty authorise to err?
 Or, whilst with strangers from her Gods she flees,
 A form excuse the vile adulterers?
 Her face, however fair, makes not her crime the less.

THESEUS (if right I speak the name) before
 Th' audacious Wand'rer from her country bore;
 A Maid, he said, restor'd! O shame to truth!
 She prone to love, and in full vigour both!
 Who'd trust the strumpet's faith? who doubt the
 fire of youth?

You'll ask from whence I learnt these things, perhaps:
 I love—And what a lover's eye escapes?
 A Rape we might her first elopement term;
 These frequent rapes her wantonness confirm,
 Argue a soul with lustful flames accurs'd,
 Pleas'd with the fraud, and willing to be forc'd.

At manet OEnone fallenti casta marito :

Et poteras falli legibus ipse tuis.

Me Satyri celeres (sylvis ego tecta latebam)

Quæsierunt rapido turba proterva pede :

Cornigerumque caput pinu præcinctus acuta

Faunus, in immensis qua tumet Ida jugis.

Me fide conspicuus Trojæ munitor amavit,

Ille meæ spoliū virginitatis habet.

Id quoque luctando ; rupi tamen ungue capillos ;

Oraque sunt digitis aspera facta meis.

Nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumve proposci,

Turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt.

Ipsè, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes ;

Admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.

Quæcunque herba potens ad opem, radixque medendi

Utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.

Me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis !

Deficior prudens artis ab arte mea.

Ipsè repertor opis vaccas pavisse Phææas

Fertur, & è nostro faucius igne fuit.

Quod neque graminibus tellus fecunda creandis,

Nec Deus auxilium, tu mihi ferre potes.

Et

Yet still OENONE remains just to him
 Whose flagrant guilt might palliate her crime ;
 Deceiv'd herself, unbroken keeps her vow,
 Though slighted, loves, and, though forsaken, true.
 Me the swift Satyrs oft, beneath the wood
 I lay conceal'd from view, in vain pursu'd ;
 Me FAUNUS, whilst o'er craggy rocks I fled,
 Follow'd with verdant chaplets on his head ;
 Me too APOLLO lov'd, and though at length,
 What pray'rs could not effect, he gain'd by strength,
 Struggling to fly from the too-potent God,
 His hair I tore, my nails his visage plow'd.
 I sought not in return or gems or gold ;
 Curse on that fordid beauty which is sold !
 On me his skill in physic he bestow'd,
 The various herbs, their several uses show'd.
 Alas ! how little does my art avail !
 Others I cure, myself I cannot heal !
 No herb or plant the fields produce, can prove
 Of force to ease the wounds infixt by love :
 Ev'n he, the first inventor of our art,
 Could not himself from love secure his heart.
 Yet though nor heav'n nor earth a cure can give,
 Who gave the wounds their anguish can relieve :

Et potes, & merui. Dignæ miserere puellæ.

Non ego cum Danaïs arma cruenta fero.

Sed tua sum, tecumque fui puerilibus annis :

Et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor.

ARIADNE

Yes, PARIS only can, he must reward

A nymph who justly merits his regard.

With you, in childish innocence, I pass'd

My early life, and love with years increas'd;

With you I'd wish to spend my latest hours,

Or if I cannot live, at least, I will die yours.

ARIADNE THESEO.

ARGUMENTUM.

Minos Jovis & Europæ filius, Cretensæ rex, ob Androgeum filium ab Atheniensibus dolose occisum, illos tandem post aëria bella coegit, ut sibi pœnas penderent, & quidem quotannis pueros septem, & totidem virgines mitterent, ut Minotauro, quem arte Dædali Pasiphaæ ex tauro genuerat, dum ejus maritus Minos cum Atheniensibus bellum gereret, devorandi traderentur. Cum verò sors Theseo contigisset, ab Ariadne edoctus est, quonam pacto, interfecto Minotauro, ex Labyrinthis ambagibus egrederetur, Errabunda regens tenui vestigio filo, ut ait Catullus. Theseus autem Creta cum Ariadne & Phædra discedens, in Naxos insulam delatus est: ubi à Baccho monitus, ut Ariadnen relinqueret. Qui Dei voce percussus, altissimo somno sopitam reliquit. Illa expergescens hanc epistolam scripsit, in qua crudelitatem Thesei aut duritiem accusans, immemorem beneficiorum eum appellat; post multas querelas rogat, ut conversa nave redeat.

MItius inveni, quam te, genus omne ferarum:

Credita non ulli, quam tibi, pejus eram.

Quæ legis, ex illo, Theseu, tibi littore mitto,

Unde tuam sine me vela tulere ratem.

In quo me somnusque meus male prodidit, & tu

Per facinus somnis insidiate meis.

Tempus

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minos, the son of Jupiter and Europa, and King of Crete, having overcome the Athenians, constrained them to send yearly seven young men and as many virgins, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a monster which Pasiphaæ his wife had brought forth whilst he was employed in the wars against them. At length the lot fell on Theseus, who slew the Minotaur, and by the help of a clue he had received from Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, made his escape out of the labyrinth. Theseus departing from Crete, came to the island of Naxos, where being admonished by Bacchus to forsake Ariadne, in obedience to his commands he stole from her in a profound sleep, and sailed from Naxos. Ariadne awaking, writes him this epistle, complaining of his cruelty and ingratitude.

FROM that curst shore, barbarian! what you read,
Is sent, whence you from ARIADNE fled;

Left her to savage beasts a fenceless prey,

Yourself more savage and more fierce than they.

Can beasts with thee in cruelty compare?

Whom THESEUS could not pity, these can spare.

Me sleep, and sleep your villainy betray'd,

Whilst unsuspecting by your side I laid.

'Twas

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
 Spargitur & tectæ fronde queruntur aves.
 Incertum vigilans, à somno languida, movi
 Thesea prensuras semisupina manus,
 Nullus erat : referoque manus, iterumque retento,
 Perque torum moveo brachia : nullus erat.
 Excussiere metus somnum : conterrita surgo :
 Membraque sunt viduo præcipitata toro.
 Protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis :
 Utque erat è somno turbida, rapta coma est.
 Luna fuit : specto, si quid, nisi littora, cernam.
 Quod videant oculi, nil, nisi littus, habent.
 Nunc huc, nunc illuc, & utroque sine ordine curro :
 Alta puellares tardat arena pedes.
 Interea toto clamanti littore, THESEU,
 Reddebant nomen concava saxa tuum :

Et

'Twas now that Season of the year, what time
 The earth is first o'erspread with glassy rhime,
 And sad, and drooping on the yellow thorn,
 The feather'd tribes th' approach of Winter mourn;
 When, yet uncertain if I slept or 'woke,
 Towards the place you had so late forfook;
 Half-rai'd in bed, my arms I fondly cast,
 To press my THESEUS closer to my breast.
 But, Oh! conceive, if possible, my fear,
 When cold I found it, and no THESEUS there;
 Thither my trembling hands again I bore,
 That still return'd as empty as before;
 Distraction the remains of sleep dispell'd,
 And when your place deserted I beheld,
 With frequent blows my breast resounds, my hair,
 By night dishevell'd, in mad rage I tear.
 The moon shone forth, and by her glim'ring ray
 Assisted, o'er the winding coast I stray;
 But vainly wander thro' the gloom of night,
 Or to prevent, or share myself, your flight.
 Now here, now there, unknowing why, I speed,
 The treach'rous sands my sinking feet impede:
 THESEUS! I frantic cry, and all around
 The distant mountains with your name rebound.

Ev'n

Et quoties ego te, toties locus ipse vocabat.

Ipse locus miseræ ferre volebat opem.

Mons fuit; apparent frutices in vertice rari:

Nunc scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.

Adscendo; vires animus dabat; atque ita late

Æquora prospectu metior alta meo.

Inde ego (nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa)

Vidi præcipiti carbasa tenta noto.

Aut vidi: aut etiam, cum me vidisse putarem,

Frigidior glacie semanimisque fui.

Nec languere diu patitur dolor; excitor illo,

Excitor, & summa Thesea voce voco.

Quo fugis? exclamo: scelerate, revertere, Theseu.

Fleste ratem: numerum non habet illa suum.

Hæc ego: quod voci deerat, plangore replebam;

Verbera cum verbis mista fuere meis.

Si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses,

Jaſtata late signa dedere manus!

Candidaque imposui longæ velamina virgæ,

Scilicet oblitos admonitura mei.

Jamque

Ev'n rocks a part in my misfortunes take,
On THESEUS call, and strive to bring him back.

An Hill there stands, the lowly brambles creep
Along the sides, its head o'erlooks the deep :
Hither, despair unwonted vigour lent,
I ran, and fearless climb'd the vast ascent:
From hence the trackless ocean I explore,
And saw your ship already far from shore,
Or thought I saw—then white as driven snows
My count'nance chang'd, my blood with horror froze :
Not long in silence on the rock I stood,
But THESEUS ! cruel THESEUS ! cry'd aloud,
Where will you fly ? why leave me here ? Ingrate !
Return, the vessel has but half its freight.
Thus I exclaim'd, or what my voice deny'd
Of words, my cries and piteous shrieks supply'd.
Or had not these been to your ears convey'd,
You could not but behold the signs I made.
My hands to thee, and now to Heaven were rais'd,
And my white garments on a pole were plac'd,
Which rear'd aloft I held, and in the wind
Floating, betoken'd some one left behind.

In

Jamque oculis creptus eras ; tunc denique flevi.

Torpuerant molles ante dolore genæ.

Quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina fierent,

Postquam desierant vela videre tua ?

Aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis ;

Qualis ab Ogygio conceita Baccha Deo :

Aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi :

Quàmque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.

Sæpe torum repeto, qui nos acceperat ambos ;

Sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat.

Et tua, qua possum, pro te vestigia tango ;

Strataque, quæ membris intepuere tuis.

Incumbo, lachrymisque toro manante profusis,

Pressimus, exclamo, te duo ; redde duos.

Venimus huc ambo : cur non discedimus ambo ?

Perfide, pars nostri, lectule, major ubi est ?

Quid faciam ? quo sola ferar ? vacat insula cultu.

Non hominum video, non ego facta boüm.

Omne

In vain—no signals your attention drew,
Whom here you'd left, too well, false wretch, you knew.

When now no more your flying sails I view'd,
Down their scald channels, tears like torrents flow'd;
Excess of grief had these suppress'd till now,
But since my eyes no more can gaze on you, }
'Tis all they can, and must for ever do.
Sometimes with furious haste the coasts I leave,
And like some priests of Lyæus rave;
Then fixing on the deep my eyes, sit down,
On some cold marble, senseless as the stone.
The bed, where lock'd within your arms, I've lain,
Ne'er to be conscious of our joys again!
Oft I revisit, bathe it with my tears,
And kiss the place that your impression wears.
Two thy soft lap were wont to press,—oh! why
One hast thou suffer'd to escape? I cry.
Two happy lovers to this Island came,
Why have we not departed hence the same?

What can I do, of thy support bereft?
Where wander, ignorant 'mongst whom I'm left?

No

Omne latus terræ cingit mare. Navita nusquam :

Nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.

Finge dari comitesque mihi, ventosque, ratemque ;

Quid sequar ? accessus terra paterna negat.

Ut rate felici pacata per æquora labar ;

Temporet ut ventos Æolus : exul ero.

Non ego te, Crete, centum digesta per urbes,

Aspiciam, puero cognita terra Jovi.

Nam pater, & tellus justo regnata parenti,

Prodita sunt factio nomina cara meo.

Cum tibi, ne victor tecto morerere recurvo,

Quæ regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi.

Cum mihi dicebas, Per ego ipsa pericula juro,

Te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meam.

Vivimus :

No marks of human beings I discern,
 No path along the lonely deserts worn,
 No sturdy ox the lazy soil e'er broke,
 No grateful hinds the rural pow'rs invoke ;
 On ev'ry side the foaming ocean roars,
 Nor pilot seeks these unfrequented shores :
 Or though, by chance, some vessel should arrive,
 And the stern ruler of the winds would give
 In safety to repass the seas again,
 A mournful exile must I still remain :
 No more thine hundred cities must behold,
 Fair CRETE ! where infant JOVE was nurs'd of old.
 My Father would the fugitive disclaim.—
 Father ! —ah ! why do I prophane that name ?
 The Judge in awful terror must arise,
 My crimes have cancell'd all parental ties.

When to your hands the fatal clue I brought,
 That your escape and my undoing wrought,
 With what affected tenderness you prest
 The too-believing virgin to your breast !
 How oft you swore that nothing should divide
 Us both, while both the vital air enjoy'd !

O

Yet

Vivimus: & non sum, Theseu, tua: si modo vivis,
 Fœmina, perjuri fraude sepulta viri.
 Me quoque, qua fratrem, mactassēs, improbe, clava.
 Effet, quam dederas, morte soluta fides.
 Nunc ego non tantum, quæ sum passura, recordor;
 Sed quæcunque potest ulla relicta pati.
 Occurrunt animo pereundi mille figuræ:
 Morſque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis, habet.
 Jam jam venturos aut hæc, aut suspicor illac,
 Qui lanient avido viscera dente, lupos.
 Forſitan & fulvos tellus alat ista leones.
 Quis scit, an hæc sævas tigrides insula habet?
 Et freta dicuntur magnas expellere phocas.
 Quid vetat & gladios per latus ire meum?
 Tantum ne religer dura captiva catena;
 Neve traham serva grandia pensa manu:
 Cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phœbi:
 Quodque magis memini, quæ tibi pacta fui.
 Si mare, si terras, porrectaque littora vidi;
 Multa mihi terræ, multa minantur aquæ.
 Cœlum restabat; timeo simulacra Deorum.
 Destituor rapidis præda cibisque feris.

Sive

Yet now this separation I survive,
 If one so wretched may be said to live.
 Would Heav'n, your hand had pierc'd this bosom too !
 And my last sigh absolv'd you from your vow !
 Happy if then I had resign'd my breath ;
 To die is trifling to the fear of death :
 A thousand deaths before my eyes appear,
 Now barking wolves methinks infest the air,
 There tawny lions issue from the wood,
 Here cruel tygers prowl in quest of blood ;
 And oft of hideous shapes that have appear'd,
 Stretch'd on the oozy margin, have I heard.
 Perhaps I may a mournful slave be led,
 Constrain'd to share some haughty tyrant's bed ;
 My hands in servile offices employ'd,
 Sprung from great Kings, and to the Gods ally'd ;
 And, what I prize above my illustrious line,
 Who once could call the mighty THESEUS mine.
 The land, the seas or shores, if I survey,
 Nothing but horror and despair I see ;
 Uncertain whence I should expect my fate,
 Certain alone of misery, I wait ;
 Alike unfortunate, if beasts I find
 Lords of the isle, or your more ruthless kind ;

Sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis.

Externos didici læsa timere viros.

Viveret Androgeos utinam : nec facta luisses

Impia funeribus, Cecropi terra, tuis!

Nec tua mactasset nodosa stipite Theseu,

Ardua parte virum dextera, parte bovem!

Nec tibi, quæ reditus monstrarent, fila dedissem,

Fila per adductas sæpe recepta manus!

Non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum,

Strataque Cretæam bellua tinxit humum.

Non poterant figi præcordia ferrea cornu :

Ut te non tegeres, pectore tutus eras.

Illic tu filices, illic adamanta tulisti :

Illic qui filices Thesea vincat habes.

Crudeles somni, quid me tenuistis inertem?

At semel æterna nocte premenda fui.

Vos quoque, crudeles venti, nimiumque parati;

Flaminaque in lacrymas officiosa meas.

Dextera crudelis, quæ me fratremque necavit :

Et data poscenti nomen inane fides.

In me jurarunt somnus ventusque fidesque.

Prodita sum causis una puella tribus.

Ergo

For even men, should men inhabit here,
 By sad experience I have learn'd to fear :
 From Heav'n what succour can I hope to find ?
 The Gods with perjur'd THESEUS are combin'd.
 Oh ! that my murder'd Brother yet had liv'd !
 And CRETE the fatal tribute ne'er receiv'd !
 Or the fell monster, guiltless of your sword,
 As erst, his destin'd victims had devour'd !
 Or you, the subtly-winding clue denied,
 Lost in the mazy labyrinth, had died !

What wonder if the Minotaur you slew ?
 'Midst armed hosts unarm'd secure you'd go ;
 As well his horn a passage might have found
 Through harden'd steel, as give that heart a wound :
 No foreign aids did your obdurate breast
 Require, in native Adamantine cas'd.
 Ye cruel Winds ! that too officious bore
 My THESEUS hence, the fugitive restore !
 Curs'd be that sleep which my dull senses held
 Enchain'd ! or e'er my eyes again unseal'd !
 Curs'd be that hand by which my Brother died !
 Curs'd that base perfidy, that me destroy'd !

Ergo ego nec lacrymas matris moritura videbo :

Nec, mea qui digitis lumina condant, erit ?

Spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras :

Nec positos artus unget amica manus ?

Offa superstabunt volucres inhumata marinæ ?

Hæc sunt officiis digna sepulcra meis ?

Ibis Cecropios portus : patriaque receptus

Cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tuæ ;

Et bene narraris letum taurique virique,

Secætaque per dubias faxea tecta vias ;

Me quoque narrato sola tellure relictam.

Non ego sum titulis surripienda tuis.

Nec pater est Ægæus ; nec tu Pittheïdos Æthræ

Filius : auctores faxa fretumque tui.

Di facerent, ut me summa de puppe videres !

Movisset vultus mœsta figura tuos.

Nunc

Unseen, unpitied, shall I perish here,
 And no fond mother drop a tender tear ;
 In foreign air my fleeting soul shall leave,
 And no lov'd friend my parting sigh receive ;
 No pious hand my languid eyes shall close,
 And my cold limbs with decent care compose,
 Denied to rest within their silent urn,
 But left by rav'nous vultures to be torn ;
 Are these the rites to my extraction due ?
 This the return I've merited from you ?

When you in triumph shall at ATHENS land,
 And listening crowds in wonder round you stand,
 When how the heterogeneous monster fell,
 And how you fled the labyrinth, you tell,
 Tell too, great Conqueror ! how you betray'd
 By faithless vows an unsuspecting maid.
 Let not your claim *ÆGÆUS'* blood disgrace,
 That stubborn soul your origin betrays ;
 From flinty rocks, midst howling storms, you sprung,
 And the fierce tygres nurs'd you with her young :
 Yet could you see me, my distress must move
 At least your pity, though you could not love—

Nunc quoque non oculis, sed, qua potes, aspice mente,

Hærentem scopulo, quam vaga pulsat aqua.

Aspice demissos lugentis in ore capillos;

Et tunicas lacrymis, sicut ab imbre, graves.

Corpus, ut impulsæ segetes Aquilonibus, horret:

Litera que articulo pressa tremente labat.

Non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adoro.

Debita sit factò gratia nulla meo:

Sed nec pœna quidem: si non ego causa salutis,

Non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.

Has tibi, plangendo lugubria pectora, lassas,

Infelix tendo trans freta longa manus.

Hos tibi, qui superant, ostendo mœsta capillos.

Per lacrymas oro, quas tua facta movent:

Flecte ratem, Theseu; versoque relabere vento.

Si prius occidero; tu tamen ossa feres.

LE

And near the Fingert of Woe's proclaim;

By all the sorrows you have on me heap'd,

By these few locks that have my fury heap'd,

These tears, and all our fond endearments past;

O hither, Theseus, I conjure you, haste.

For this should Ariadne be no more.

Convey her bones from this detested shore.

THE

Think you behold me on the lonely cliff,
 Faint with my cries, despairing of relief,
 My mangled tresses floating loose in air,
 My garments torn and wet with many a tear;
 The paper, see, my tott'ring knees sustain,
 But scarce my feeble hand can guide the pen,
 Nor is there language can describe my pain.

With ought I've done I don't upbraid you now,
 Nor ask a pity to past service due;
 Since you've forgotten all, these claims I wave,
 Grant that nor life, nor liberty I gave—
 But if no benefits I e'er confer'd,
 So have no wrongs this punishment incurr'd;
 If ARIADNE sav'd not THESEUS, why
 By THESEUS now must ARIADNE die?
 No more I can — cold damps shoot through my frame,
 And near the Finisher of Woes proclaim;
 By all the sorrows you have on me heap'd,
 By these few locks that have my fury 'scap'd,
 These tears, and all our fond endearments past,
 O hither, THESEUS, I conjure you, haste,
 'Ere this should ARIADNE be no more,
 Convey her bones from this detested share.

THE

LE

SERIN ET LE MOINEAU:

F A B L E.

PAR LE ROI DE PRUSSE.

ON se fait des Grandeurs une tres fausse idée,
Les estime le plus qui les connôit le moins.

Telle ame de leur soif se trouvant possédée,
Perd pour les acquérir et son tems et ses soins:

Dans tous les etats de la vie

On trouve du haut et du bas;

Un tel dont le bonheur inspire de l'envie,

Se plaint de ce qu'il ne l'a pas.

Ecoutez

THE
GOLDFINCH AND SPARROW:

A F A B L E.

BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

T R A N S L A T E D.

WHO judge of men, as they appear
Through Grandeur's medium, often err ;

Nay sometimes real ills will prize,
And with loud clamours rend the skies
For what in mercy Heav'n denies.

Though few deserve that epithet,
We stile none happy but the Great ;
Unmindful that Distress and Care
The veil of Greatness often wear :
Greatness! false bawble, which the Great
Alone know how to estimate ;
When at a distance view'd, it seems
A gem, but none, when near, esteems :

By

Ecoutez sur ceci le conseil charitable
 Qu' osent vous indiquer les oiseaux de ma Fable.

Un jour dans un grand bourg, certain Moineau banal,
 Des plus galans Moineau redoutable rival,

Le plus estimé chez les belles,

Galant, joli, coquet un brin,

Volait de ses rapides aîles,

A l'entour d'un château flanqué de deux tourelles,

Palais du Seigneur suzerain :

Il aperçoit au fond du gentille cage,

Juché dessus son bois un merveilleux Serin

Qui le charma par son ramage.

“ Helas ! se disait il, du peuple des oiseaux,

“ Au beau Serin échut le meilleur apanage,

“ A l'abri des saisons, a l'abri de l'outrage,

“ Logé

By painful search and toil acquir'd,

And only, unobtain'd, admir'd.

These truths perhaps we shall be able

To illustrate by th' ensuing Fable.

Once on a time a Sparrow, either
Through want of food, or stress of weather,
Divested both of shame and fear,
Enter'd a house in Grosvenor-square;
Surpris'd at ev'ry thing he found,
Awhile he gaz'd in silence round;
The china, plate, the furniture,
And paintings, though no connoisseur,
By turns his wond'ring eyes engage;
But more than all a gilded cage,
Which from the lofty cieling hung,
His little breast with envy stung;
Where perch'd in all the pomp of state,
Dressing his plumes, a Goldfinch sat.
" Good Gods !" he peevish cries, " yon creature
" Is sure the happiest bird in nature !
" Of pain or hunger, cold or want,
" Since unexperienc'd all, he can't

" The

“ Logé cõme un Seigneur, il ignore mes maux ;

“ Tandis que mouillè par l'orage,

“ Je grelotte sur ses roseaux ;

“ Il vit en tres-grand personnage,

“ Il se mire grand des trumcaux ;

“ Son maitre l'aime a la rage,

“ Il le nourrit de sucre et d'excellent biscuit ;

“ Tandis qu'en ce maudit village

“ A coups de feu l'on me poursuit,

“ Que j'erre comme un miserable,

“ De cent caresses on l'accable.

“ Sort cruel ! ou m'as tu réduit ?

“ Que ne suis-je nè son semblable !”

Notre

" The least idea frame, or know
 " What various ills I struggle through,
 " When thunder rolls, rough winds assail,
 " Or pinching frosts the earth congeal,
 " When envious snows o'erspread the ground,
 " And not a cornell's to be found;
 " In this asylum, snug and warm,
 " He scorns the fury of the storm;
 " No tempests penetrate his shelter,
 " Nor is th' inclement winter felt here:
 " His mistress's fair hand supplies
 " The most luxurious rarities;
 " Incessantly she crams his trough,
 " And never thinks he eats enough,
 " Whilst, curse on fortune! ev'ry time
 " I touch a grain 'tis deem'd a crime:
 " Tyrannic, barb'rous men proscribe
 " By rig'rous laws the sparrow-tribe;
 " Destruction in a thousand shapes
 " Of guns and nets, stones, snares, and traps,
 " Each moment stalks before our eyes,
 " The happiest he who most destroys!—
 " How partially does Providence
 " Its blessings upon earth dispense!

" Why

Notre gentil Serin, quoique sans truchement,

Comprit maître Moineau, je ne sçais trop comment;

Un Serin du belle-air, qui vit dans le grand monde,

Fut-il même tant soit peu sot,

Doit deviner à demi-mot

Les autres oiseaux de la ronde.

Il répondit au gros Moineau,

Dans sa dialecte d'oiseau :

“ Ami, ta cervelle est timbrée,

“ Tu parle avec esprit, mais tu raisannes mal ;

“ Ma cage richement dorée

“ Te rend en secret mon rival :

“ Ah ! dans la plus superbe cage

“ Ces fers et ma captivité

“ Me font sentir le poids d'un pénible esclavage.

“ Que

“ Why wantons he within his palace ?

“ Whilst I, a butt for Fortune's malice,

“ Rooft in a barn but poorly thatch'd ?—

“ Why was I not a Goldfinch hatch'd ?”

Our Goldfinch, in his prison, heard

And understood the plaintive bird ;

The manner how does not appear,

But as they'd no interpreter,

We must imagine the same speech is

In use with birds of different species,

Or otherwise, he'd liv'd so long

In town, he'd learn'd the Sparrow tongue :

With grief and indignation mov'd,

His bill between the wires he shov'd,

And, in the dialect of Birds,

Rebuk'd the Sparrow in these words :

“ Rash friend ! these murmurs evidence

“ Thy wit superior to thy sense ;

“ My cage, in gayest splendor drest,

“ With secret envy fires thy breast ;

“ But ah ! I feel too sensibly

“ The anguish of Captivity :

P

“ Could

“ Que m'importe la vanité ? ”

“ Sois satisfait de ton partage : ”

“ Point de bonheur sans Liberté. ”

" Could I, like you, at pleasure range,
" You here remain, I'd bless the change!
" To me what's all this vain parade,
" These gaudy scenes, since Freedom's fled?
" Cease, then, to grieve, fly hence, and know
" That all th' enjoyments here below
" Which Wealth or Grandeur can supply,
" Are tasteless without Liberty."

CONNOISSANCE DE DIEU

NATURELLE A L'HOMME.

LORS que d'un rien second nous passons jusqu'à
l'Etre,

Le ciel met dans nos cœurs tout ce qu'il faut connoître,

Nous trouvons Dieu par tout, par tout il parle à nous,

Nous sçavons ce que fait ou détruit son courroux,

Et chacun porte en soy ce conseil salutaire ;

Si le charme des sens ne le force à se taire ;

Croyons-nous qu'à ce Temple un Dieu soit iimité,

Qu'il ait dans ces sablons plongé la verité ?

Faut-il d'autre séjour à ce Monarque auguste,

Que les cieux, et la terre, et que le cœurs du juste ?

C'est luy qui nous soutient, c'est luy qui nous conduit,

C'est sa main qui nous guide, et son feu qui nous luit.

Tout ce que nous voyons est cet Etre suprême,

Ou du moins c'est pour nous un crayon de luy-même ;

THE KNOWLEDGE OF A GOD

NATURAL TO M-AN.

THAT gracious Pow'r, who from his kindred
earth

Call'd man to Life, implanted ere our birth

A guide within, that tells what will fulfil,

Or what's repugnant to his sacred Will,

And marks the Author of our Being, so clear,

That none but those whom folly blinds, can err;

Who fram'd, sustains, and o'er the world presides,

Whose Sun enlightens, and whose Spirit guides.

Where'er around we turn th' attentive eyes,

Proofs of a God on ev'ry side arise:

Nature, a faithful mirrour, stands to shew

God in his works disclos'd to human view;

Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,

Divides the liquid air, or haunts the woods;

The various flow'rs that spread th' enamel'd mead,

Each plant, each herb, or ev'n the grafs we tread,

Displays Omnipotence:—none else could form

The vilest weed, or animate a worm.

En contemplant des cieux le pourpris azuré,
 De tant d'astres mouvans le cours si mesuré,
 Des Etres differens la pente continuë
 A chercher une fin qui leur est inconnuë :
 Dans l'aveugle actions de ces agens divers,
 Je trouve cette main qui conduit l'univers,
 J'approche autant qu'il faut cet Etre inaccessible,
 Et voi presque des yeux cette Essence invisible.

Or say what hand supports yon orbs on high ?
 Supplies their fires, or rolls them through the sky ?
 The comet's flight, the planet's mystic dance—
 Are these the works of Providence or Chance ?
 Themselves declare the universal Cause,
 Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their laws ;
 And we appear t'approach, and see ; whom none
 Can see, and live ; no flesh approach his throne.

L E S

DEUX FRERES TRES-SEMBLABLES.

DEUX Freres renommez sur la terre et sur l'onde,
 L'esperance et l'honneur de leur mere seconde,
 Dedans les memes flancs formez en meme temps,
 Conforment en ce lieu des destins differens.
 La Nature avoit mis en l'un et l'autre Frere
 Des rapports qui trampoient jusqu'aux yeux de leur mere.
 Mais la Mort les distingue, et sa prompte fureur
 Dissipe avant le temps cette agreable erreur :
 Elle prend l'un des deux, et celui qu'elle laisse
 Aux cœurs de ses parens reproduit la tristesse,
 Et par un trop fidelle et trop juste rapport,
 Dans le Frere vivant montre le Frere mort.

R E C E P T E

P O U R U N E

B E A U T E M I E R E .

L' A M A N T .

VOUS qui purgez cette beauté,
 La plus belle qui soit au monde ;
 Purgez-la de sa cruauté,
 Car c'est l'humeur dont elle abonde.

L E

THE
RESEMBLING TWINS:

TWO Youths adorn'd with ev'ry manly grace;
 Exact the same in stature and in face,
 One birth produc'd—kind nature had bestow'd
 On both so equal, scarce the Mother cou'd
 Distinguish each; so justly either one
 Bore the resemblance of her other son.
 But Death th' agreeable delusion clear'd,
 One fell a victim, one his fury spar'd;
 And now whene'er the tender parent views
 Him that survives, the well-known form renews
 The streams of grief, and like his living ghost,
 Recalls the image of the son she lost.

R E C E I P T
 F O R
 A
 SCORNFUL BEAUTY.
 T O A N O V E R.

SINCE, Doctor, oft as humours taint
 LUCINDA's blood, your drugs supplant
 The lurking ill—Say, can't you art
 Purge too of Cruelty her heart?

P H Y.

LE MEDICIN.

Recipè; par nortre ordonnance,
 Une once une gros de Complaissance;
 Avec fix dragmes d'Amitie,
 Le poids d'un ecu de pitié;
 Quatre grains de Correspondence,
 Et quatre onces de Confiance;
 Cinq, ou fix grains de Cupidon,
 La pleine main de son Brandon,
 Une des plumes de son âile,
 Sept ou huit dragmes de son Zele;
 Infusez le tout en Douceur
 Cela lui purgera le Cœur.
 De cette Humeur fiere et maligne,
 Qui fied mal à Beautè divine;
 Et puis, si l'on est afsûrè
 Que le mal est inveterè,
 Ou s'il en reste quelque chose,
 Vous reiterez le doze.

PHYSICIAN.

RECIPE ; first, of Complaisance,
 The genuine sort we 'mport from France,
 One ounce ; of Correspondence four,
 And Lovers' Vows as many more ;
 Six drachms of Friendship is enough,
 Dissolv'd in well-seign'd Tears *quant. suff.*
 To these you need not add above
 Two, or three grains at most, of Love,
 (A drug we seldom now prescribe)
 With which Assurance mix *ad lib.*
 In sweet Good-nature these infuse,
 And, when occasion offers, use:
 But if the peccant humour yet
 Remains, you must the dose repeat.

ON ESPERE TOUJOURS.

TOUT ressent les douceurs de l'aimable Esperance,
 Un sort d'un autre sort attend la difference.
 La nuit attend de jour l'admirable beauté ;
 Le jour attend des nuits les repos souhaité ;
 L'hyver attend le temps où la rose boutonne,
 Le printems veul l'eté, qui brule pour l'autonne ;
 Et l'autonne gemit, foulant ses vins pressez,
 Pour jouir dans l'hyver de ses fruits amassez.
 Toujours sur le bonheur l'esperance fondée
 Nous peint du tems futur une agreable idée.
 Le present seul deplait, et cherche l'avenir,
 Le passé devient doux dans notre souvenir.

Man never is, but always to be, blest.

POPE.

THE sweet deceiver Hope destroys

By airy visions real joys ;

Each future scene, by her array'd

In brightness, makes the present fade :

All the long day we wish for night,

Then sigh for the return of light ;

Through gloomy winter's reign we mourn

Till pleasure-pinion'd spring return ;

But here with joyless feet we tread

The verdant lawn, or painted mead,

Till summer comes—yet ev'n from this

Enjoyment's fled, the promis'd bliss

Is now postpon'd till autumn shews

Her golden fields, and loaded boughs :

Hither we press—but vain the chase !

The phantom flies with equal pace :

Now winter charms—again it comes

And her still tasteless reign resumes.

Pleasing appears each scene when pass'd,

The present only gives distaste.

—*The trav'ler thus, thick mists inclose,*

But seem to fly where'er he goes—

E P L

E P I G R A M S.

MARTIAL, B. IV. EPIG. 31.

I M I T A T E D.

To MR. FULWOOD SANDERSON.

“ **M**Y Name is never in your rhymes,
 You’ve told me this a hundred times :
 I with more justice had complain’d,
 I’ve stretch’d, and clip’d it, tortur’d, strain’d,
 And all in vain—but who’s to blame ?
 Am I, or those who gave a Name
 The Muses would be shock’d to hear,
 And nice APOLLO cannot bear ?
 Then ne’er expect your Name in metre,
 Until ’tis chang’d for one that better
 Will please the Nine—Hark, SANDERSON—
 How rough ! how hoarse ! it can’t be done.—

MART.

MARTIAL, B. I. EPIG. 58.

To MR. BEN. OVEREND. A M

YOU ask, was I to change my life,
What kind of Girl I'd take to Wife?

Not one who coy or easy seems,
I hate alike the two extremes;
She satiates who at first complies,
She starves my love who long denies:
The maid must not, I'd call my own,
Say No too oft, or Yes too soon.—

MARTIAL, B. IX. EPIG. 15.

To *****.

WHEN CLODIUS at your Board extols
The luscious Haunch, or Ham and Fowls,
You rank him 'mongst your Friends—'Tis true
He loves your Ven'fon, but not you;
And could I like your Lordship dine,
He'd be as warm a friend of mine.

EPI

EPIGRAMME DE BOILEAU.

A MONSIEUR PERRAULT.

TON Oncle, dis-tu, l'Assassin
M'a queri d'un maladie.

La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon Medicin,

C'est que je suis encore vie.

EPIGRAM FROM BOILEAU.

YOUR Brother cure me of a fever!
He was not my Physician ever :

The surest proof that I can give,

Is, Boaster—I am still alive.

E P I G R A M M E

DE MONSIEUR DE MAUCROIX.

A MI, je voi beaucoup de bien
 Dans le parti qu'on me propose :
 Mais toutefois ne pressons rien ;
 Prendre femme est etrange chose.
 Il faut y penser mûrement.
 Gens sages, en qui je me fie,
 M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment
 Que d'y songer toute sa vie.

E P I G R A M

BY MONSIEUR DE MAUCROIX.

SO zealously why will my friend
 To take a Wife incessant press me?
 I'm well aware what joys attend,
 If Heaven in my choice should bless me.

But can one be too circumspect?

'Tis dang'rous vent'ring on a Wife!
 Some sound philosophers direct
 —A man should think on't all his life.

Q

ON

ON A
LADY WITH A LARGE MOUTH.

IF, CLARA, from small lips a kiss
So exquisite a joy appear,
Thou canst bestow excess of bliss,
Whose mouth extends from ear to ear.

THIS

THIS was the whole, ere I fat out

In life, I wish'd to be my lot—

A house, not large nor yet too small,

A parlour, kitchen, and a hall;

A garden near adjoining to't,

Stock'd with variety of fruit,

With different kinds of fish a pond,

Four or five acres of plow'd ground;

A paddock about half as big,

A yard for poultry, and a pig;

A tolerable steed, and leisure

To range the country o'er at pleasure :

My fortunes such that I might ne'er

Have any lack, or much to spare;

Easy, not great, that I be seen

Neither extravagant nor mean;

Sufficient were it, if I might

My friends on winter nights invite,

Or, whilst gay laughter shook the hearth,

Years of to-morrow spoil our mirth;

Happy if now and then I cou'd on
 Sundays, to loin of beef and pudden,
 Bring home the Curate—whilst we dine
 I praise the sermon, he the wine.
 Now, thanks to my auspicious stars,
 Or rather to the prudent cares
 Of graver heads that liv'd before,
 I have already these, and more ;
 Nor is there ought beyond I crave,
 Save that, content with what I have,
 I wish no more—nor importune
 Heaven for this or t'other boon—
Good Lord! that PEACE's house were down,
That spoils our prospect up in town !
That BRITTIN's garrets, which disfigure
My front, were less ! my parlour bigger !
That yonder corner were but squar'd,
Which juts so far into the yard !
 Grant, sacred Pow'rs, that none of these
 May ever interrupt my peace ;
 As now, from vice and folly safe,
 At vice and folly let me laugh,
 The wiles, intrigues, and feuds in life,
 But never mingle in the strife.

Whene

Whenever I'm induc'd to rhyme,
 T'amuse a friend, or pass the time,
 Or feign, unhurt, romantic stories
 Of DELIA's eyes, of haughty DORIS,
 Or CLOE's wit—not heed a groat
 If Critics shall approve or not;
 What though they should my verse condemn,
 —I wrote to please myself, not them.
 Thus give me in content to pass,
 And careless ease, Life's 'lotted space,
 Above contempt, too low for pride,
 T'enjoy the world, or let it slide.

Q 3 HORACE,

HORACE, EPIST. 5. B. 1.

IMITATED.

TO MR. THOMAS J*HNS*N.

IF you can bear to sit on chairs
 That have been old these twenty years,
 Of which there is not one in ten
 That's had a bottom God knows when;
 And you can condescend to make
 For once a supper on beef-stake;
 I shall be glad if you will come
 To-night 'twixt fix and sev'n.—My Rum
 Is HARRIS' best; of LIVERSAGE
 I have my Port, but doubt its age;
 My 'Bacco BULL's—if you can mend 'em,
 I beg you'd either bring or send 'em.

Then banish care, lay VINER down,
 Awhile let COKE on LYTTLETON

Lay unregarded on the shelf,
 And H***** plead his cause himself.
 To-morrow's a red-letter day,—
 GEORGE the III. born — we therefore may
 Unclog'd with thoughts of trifles, sit
 And cock our brofelys all the night;
 May crack our jests, or regulate
 The parish business, or the state;
 Invent new plans, as round we tipple,
 To prop the nation, or the sceptre;
 What wheel's amiss, what springs are broke,
 Or in the government, or clock;
 May threaten the Churchwarden's ears,
 At Statesmen rail, or th' Overseers,
 Our numerous Poor, or Pensioners.

Life's blessings were as well deny'd,
 As given us, if not enjoy'd;
 The wretch who hoards his wealth, and starves,
 Too mindful of his heir, deserves,
 Like him who to the bottom sent his,*
 To be declar'd—*non compos mentis*.

* ---- Aristippus, qui servos projicere aurum
 In mediâ jussit Libyâ;----

----Uter est insanior horum?

HOR.

Then let us joyous drink, nor dread
 Though graver years should deem us mad:
 By wine hid mysteries are reveal'd,
 Wine drives the coward to the field;
 To troubled bosoms joy imparts,
 And teaches sciences and arts;
 Contempt of poverty inspires,
 Gives blockheads wit, and truth to liars.

For my part, I shall order BETTY
 Clean table-cloth and plates to get ye,
 To rub th' old tankard and the glasses
 So bright that you may see your faces:
 Will mind we have no Sons of Whores
 To tell what's spoken out of doors,
 But that we be a jovial set
 Of honest souls as ever met;
 Here will be ST*PH*NS*N, and W*NT,
 PR*TT, B*LL, and H**GHT*N—WH*TH*M can't:
 WH**LD*N has promis'd to be here,
 Unless he meets with better fare;
 Your Cousin JOE too, we'll have him,
 If he han't plann'd—*another scheme*—

Here's

Here's room for friends, but let us not
 Be cramm'd too close, the weather's hot.
 Don't fail—If Clients should beset
 Your Office-Door, steal through the Gate.

VENUS AND MARS
TAKEN IN ADULTERY;
WITH THE STORY OF
PHŒBUS AND LEUCOTHOE;
BURLESQUED,
FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

NO sooner had the other done,
Than thus LEUCONOR begun;
The rest, attentive to her voice,
Sitting around her, still as mice.

I cannot in my heart abide
Those envious folks, who take a pride
Where'er they can to run their nose in,
And all they see can't help disclosing:
The mighty God who rules the Day
Once smarted for this trick, they say;
PHŒBUS, you'd think, was hot enough,
And safely might be deem'd fire-proof,

Yet

Yet with Love's fiercer flames the God,
 Or Fame's a lying bitch, has glow'd :
 But, if you please, I'll tell the whole,
 Th' adventure's something vastly droll.

He, who each day goes round this ball,
 And, mounted far above, sees all,
 Is first reported to have seen
 Th' amours of MARS with Cyprus' Queen ;
 Then, like a leering tell tale, sculking
 Behind a cloud, he hastes to VULCAN,
 And tells the limping God—of late
 He had begun to smell a rat ;
 That VENUS was not, sure as cou'd be,
 A morsel better than she shou'd be ;
 And that he fear'd the God of War had
 Planted his ensigns on his forehead ;
 Moreover told him, if he'd watch 'em,
 The time and place where he might catch 'em.
 Poor VULCAN, trembling for his knob,
 Drops from his hand th' half-finish'd jobb ;
 And brandishing aloft his hammer,
 Began to tear, and rip, and damn her.

Methinks,

Methinks, in cases of this nature,
 'Twere wisest to conceal the matter;
 And if we can but keep it from
 The world, no shame's in cuckoldom.
 Not so the Lemnian Smith—revenge
 He plots by means as new as strange;
 A curious net he wrought of brags,
 Tough as hard steel, and clear as glass;
 The pliant wires were drawn as small
 As spiders webs upon the wall:
 This done, around the bed he next
 His net in such a manner fixt,
 At will to let it fall upon 'em,
 And, when occasion serv'd, trapan 'em;
 Then hides himself behind the arras,
 From whence he might behold, as clear as
 If he had been beside 'em laid,
 What game went forward on the bed.

Our couple, at th' appointed time,
 Came to repeat again their crime;
 To taste again Love's stolen joy,
 Little suspecting any nigh:

When

When VULCAN, where he lay conceal'd,
 Affairs in proper state beheld ;
 The cords that held the net he slack'd,
 And took them in the very act.
 " You lop-ear'd, smell-smock jack-a-dandy !"
 He cries—" I've got ye safe as brandy !
 " By the Lord Harry, if I don't
 " Have full revenge for this affront,
 " And put ye both to public shame,
 " Tell me—that VULCAN's not my name !"
 Thus saying, off he joyous hops,
 His folding doors of iv'ry opes,
 And asks of all the Gods to go
 And see a fine galanty show :
 Th' Ethereal Powers, all agree,
 Love a good joke as well as we :
 Away each God and Goddess ran,
 The cuckold leading on the van,
 'Till they beheld the lovers, who
 Remained still—in *statu quo*,
 Unable either to get out,
 Or even stir a hand or foot.
 The Goddesses were disconcerted,
 And, with their faces half averted,

And

And cover'd with their hands, between
 Their fingers peep'd t' enjoy the scene.
 The Gods, indeed, were much the worst,
 Who laugh'd till they were fit to burst.
 Yet was there not, 'mongst all, a God,
 Unless some puny souls, but wou'd
 Gladly to 've been in MARS's place,
 Have undergone the like disgrace.

In Heav'n this story some time after
 Furnish'd them merriment and laughter ;
 But not so VENUS,—for her part,
 She laid the injury much to heart ;
 Still ruminating in her mind
 Some method to repay't in kind ;
 In little time she hit upon't,
 The manner how we next recount.
 Arabia's wilds produc'd a lass,
 LEUCOTHOE nam'd ; her mother was
 Esteem'd the prettiest woman there,
 Till totally eclips'd by her :
 Sprung from a noble race, her Sire
 Kept hanging o'er the parlour fire,

Their

Their pedigree on parchment written,
 As long as e'er had Cambo-Briton :
 A hugeous list of valiant fellows,
 From ISMAEL down to Father BELUS ;
 The seventh from him was her Pappa,
 Then King of Achæmenia :
 To tell ye who and what they were,
 Would take more room than we can spare.
 PHOEBUS, then, with the girl above,
 Is over head and ears in love,
 Delights to gaze on her alone,
 Regardless how the day goes on,
 And shining but by fits and gurns,
 Makes day and night to change their turns :
 Sometimes, when in a pet, post-haste
 He'd drive his horses down the West ;
 And mortals, half their works undone,
 Were forc'd to go to bed at noon :
 At others, in the eastern skies
 Some hours before his time he'd rise ;
 That people, rous'd from bed so early,
 Were all the day as cross and surly
 As if they'd piss'd upon a nettle,
 Nor would to any business settle.

Beneath

Beneath th' horison is a place
 Where PHOEBUS turns his stock to grass ;
 Here having one night loos'd his steeds,
 To his LEUCOTHOR he speeds,
 And putting on the air and mien
 And garments of the mother queen,
 Gets, without any opposition,
 Into her bed-chamber admission ;
 And finds her sitting midst a dozen
 More virgins, mending shifts and hosen.
 " Blues ! Where's the need of all this troop,"
 He cries, " enow to eat us up !
 " The Lord above ! when I was young
 " I never kept one half this throng ;
 " At least a moment, while I'm speaking
 " 'Bout private matters, send them packing."
 Instant the damsels who were with her
 Retir'd, and left them both together ;
 When PHOEBUS, doffing gown and cap,
 Again assum'd his proper shape,
 Look'd just as like a fool as Man
 In a like case, and thus began :——
 " Madam, the person you see here
 " Is he who measures out the year ;

" I

" I give ye nutmegs, pepper, mustard,
 " With cheese-cakes, syllabubs, and custard :
 " Fruits for your table I prepare,
 " And ripen barley for your beer,
 " And wheat for firmity—On earth
 " I see all things, but nothing worth
 " The looking at, save only you,
 " And by yourself I swear 'tis true."

My Lady fear and rage dissembles,
 Down from her hand the smicket tumbles,
 Cocks up her chin six inches higher,
 And wonders how he dar'd come nigh her.

But PHOEBUS, practis'd in the art
 Of wooing, did not care a straw.

(*A straw? Ye Critics, let it pass,
 Or find a better in its place.*)

So close he su'd, so warm he prest,
 The virgin could not long resist ;

But * * * * *

And * * * * *

Ere long there was a rumour spread
 LEUCOTHOR'd lost her maidenhead,

R

Which

Which CLYTIE, with envy stung,
 Thro' all the neighb'ring quarters rung;
 Who had herself, to all 'twas known,
 A sneaking kindness for the Sun :
 At length the story, thro' her care,
 Came to old ORCHAMUS's ear :
 You never heard a devil curse,
 And swear, and storm, and bully worse ;
 He would be damn'd if she was found
 Half an hour longer above ground.
 The damsel instantly he took,
 And cram'd her like a pig in poke,
 Carry'd her *pickback* out of town,
 And in a desert fat her down :
 Here, with less grief than one would vouch-
 safe a drown'd cat, or scarce so much,
 Alive he in the earth interr'd her,
 Roaring and screaming—Murder ! murder !
 But tho' she bawl'd till she was hoarse,
 'Twas singing psalms to a dead horse.

When PHOEBUS heard this, from the skies,
 Like lightning, to her grave he flies :

In

In vain!—ere he could let fresh air in,
 LEUCOTHOE was as dead as herring:
 His mouth he then applies like bellows,
 To what part authors do not tell us,
 To blow more wind into her body,
 But all to no effect; nor cou'd he
 By any means the lafs recover;
 Not any thing he did could move her.
 Then stooping, with some kind of tool,
 Or with his hands, he scratch'd a hole,
 Then sets her to the mid-leg in it,
 Crowds hard the moulds, and, in a minute,
 Some magic gibberish hobbling over,
 Whose meaning no one could discover,
 And giving her a gentle tap,
 The body takes another shape;
 The pliant limbs grow hard and stark,
 Her footy skin is chang'd to bark,
 To vegetative juice her blood,
 And what was flesh is turn'd to wood:
 Roots slowly springing from her toes,
 Had not yet spread her knob with boughs,
 That like a willow dod she stands
 Lopt by some peasant's careful hands.

The Queen of Beauty, when she saw
 Matters so near a crisis draw,
 Resolv'd to fit him; to this end
 Th' immortals once more she conven'd,
 Told them—Tho' PHOEBUS would appear
 So scrup'lous in a late affair,
 'Twas not because the spiteful elf
 Would blush to play such pranks himself;
 He was, she verily believ'd,
 As impudent a spark as liv'd;
 So leacherous, he wou'd often kiss
 A rotten post before he'd miss;
 That what she said was true enough,
 She'd give them a convincing proof:
 Then with her hand the Goddess show'd
 Where PHOEBUS with his doxy stood,
 His arms entwin'd around the trunk—
 The Gods all thought him mad or drunk—
 And, " O my dearest love," he cries,
 " Next summer, when the sap shall rise,
 " Thy mazard, now enough to scare one,
 " Shall then remain no longer barren,
 " No more its nakedness shall mourn,
 " But verdant leaves thy brows adorn;

" Here

" Here oft will I unseen repair,
 " Here drop a tributary tear,
 " Beneath thy shade indulge my woe,
 " And many a kiss imprint, as now."
 Thrice turn'd he, sorrowing, from the place,
 As oft return'd, whilst down his face,
 Big tears like rivulets flow'd amain,
 To hug the lifeless slump again.

The Gods were fit to die almost
 To see him thus carefs a post,
 Nor longer could contain their mirth,
 Their laughter shook the very earth :
 When PHOEBUS found they all the time
 Had stood and reconnoitred him,
 Confus'd, and grieving at his soul,
 From the detested place he stole ;
 His face in pitchy clouds he veil'd,
 Nor was of longer time beheld
 Than erst, when Spain's Ambassador
 Thought he should ne'er have seen him more.

S A U C E

FOR A

BOIL'D SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

A T A L E.

WERE you to travel Britain thorough,
From the Land's-End to Edinburgh,
You would not find, in all your rout,
A sign of any kind of note,
But where GEORGE ST**NS is known as well
As you or I at Stilton Bell.
Oft, at the Greyhound inn in Bury,
My Landlord makes us vastly merry
About the wine which GEORGE sent there
For his own drinking at the Fair.

Of all the men in being, sure
There's not a greater Epicure !
So dainty, whimsical and nice,
No house desir'd to see him twice :
Was dinner e'er so elegant,
He always would have some complaint :

Nothing

Nothing was ever fit to touch,
 These drest too little, those too much;
 Sometimes 'twas this, and sometimes that,
 This was too lean, and that too fat;
 Whilst still the more they strove to please,
 The more dissatisfy'd he was,
 'Till NED at length was bid to drag
 The Glo'ster Cheese from leathern bag,*
 GEORGE thanking, for his grace, the Lord,
 That ev'ry place would Bread afford.

Not long since, at the Swan in Dedham,
 A humorous trick the Hostess play'd him :
 GEORGE having turn'd his horse in stable,
 Goes to purveying for his table,
 Old MARTHA ask'd him if he'd please
 To have a Fowl, or Duck and Pease;
 Beef-stakes, Veal cutlets she could get, or
 A joint of Mutton—"Nothing better,"

* This Gentleman usually travelled with a servant, who carried in the bags a piece of Gloucester Cheese, which his master, when in these vagaries, was often wont to order out for his dinner.

Cries

Cries GEORGE, " a Shoulder—get it done
 " 'Gainst I return—let's see—at one."
 At one the dinner came, and ST**NS
 Began to curse them for their pains ;
 " Roasted!—Humph!—O my God! these folks
 " Are just as fit for Saints as Cooks.
 " You have not seen, I dare engage,
 " A Shoulder o' Mutton roast this age.
 " Would any with a grain of sense
 " Have dressed it thus? Here, take it hence.
 " By Jove, I know no better thing,
 " Why, 'tis a dinner for a King,
 " If I might but have had it boil'd ;
 " But roast! —z—ns! 'tis entirely spoil'd.
 " Roast Shoulder o' Mutton, with a pox !
 " Ah! God sends meat, the Devil cooks.
 " Roast it, forsooth!—Old Harry roast her !
 " Come, NED, bring out the end of Glo'ster,
 " Thank Heaven, we are not yet so bad,
 " But Bread may even here be had—"
 ' Sir,' she replies, ' I'm quite uneasy
 ' The Mutton is not dressed to please ye ;
 ' We always roast 'em here ; however,
 ' I promise, Sir, that I'll endeavour,

' When

' When next you favour me to call at
' My house, to dress it to your palate.'

Well, having sworn and eat his fill,
Order'd his horse, and paid his bill,
He took his leave.—Next year it chanc'd,
As towards Dedham GEORGE advanc'd,
Her son, who, as the story goes,
Was keeping near the road her cows,
'Spy'd him, a nearer way ran home,
And—"Mother, here's the Gem'man come,
Breathless thro' haste exclaims the child,
"That loves the Shoulder o'Mutton boil'd."
My Hostess, without more ado,
Resolv'd, she thought, to fit him now,
Sent round the town, a Shoulder got,
And straightway claps it in the pot.
Dinner was serv'd, and now appears
My Landlady, with open ears,
Expecting to have had them fill'd
With praises of the Mutton boil'd.
"Heigh! bl—d and o—ns! what have we here?
"A Shoulder o'Mutton boil'd, I swear.
"My

- " My G—d!—a Shoulder boil'd!—till now
 " I ne'er saw such a sight, I vow,
 " Would any, with a grain of sense,
 " Have boil'd a Shoulder?—Take it hence.
 " By Jove, I know no better thing,
 " Why, 'tis a dinner for a King,
 " If I might but have had it roast;
 " Phoh! carrion is as good almost.
 " No mortal, sure, like me is serv'd,
 " I wonder, faith! I am not starv'd:
 " Here, bring us out the Glo'ster, Ned,
 " Perhaps we can make shift for Bread;
 " Unless (God knows 'tis like enough!)
 " The blockheads too have boil'd the loaf."

The Hostess now all patience lost,
 ' Villain! since neither boil'd nor roast,'
 She cries, ' will suit your dainty jaws,
 ' I'll try to please you with the sauce.'
 So saying, by the flank she takes
 The Mutton, and, with arm like SLACK's,
 Brandishes high in air, then flaps
 It reaking hot in GEORGE's chaps;

Now

Now this, now that side, till his face
 Was buried beneath blood and grease:
 He, as unable to withstand
 The weight of her victorious hand,
 As erst renowned HUDIBRAS,
 The force of matchless TRULLA was,
 Thro' the re-echoing kitchen reels,
 She with the Mutton at his heels,
 Nor ever looks behind him more
 Until he gains the stable-door;
 Then mounts with greatest diligence,
 Nor e'er's been seen at Dedham since,

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 59, for ~~NANCY~~ read BIDDY.
61, for ~~shew~~ read strew.